

8  
K I N G  
Edward the Third,  
W I T H  
T H E F A L L O F  
M O R T I M E R  
E A R L O F  
M A R C H.

An Historicall Play,

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYALL,

By their Majesties Servants.

---

---

London, Printed for J. Hindmarsh at the Golden-Ball against the  
Royal-Exchange. R. Bently in Russell-street in Covent-Gar-  
den. A. Roper in Fleet-street near Temple-Barr, and Randall  
Taylor near Stationers-Hall in Ludgate-street. 1691.





---

*To the Right Honourable HENRY Lord  
Viscount SYDNEY of Sheppey, one  
of the Lords of their Majesties most Ho-  
nourable Privy-Council, Principal Secretary  
of State in this Kingdom, one of the Lords  
Justices of Ireland, and Lord Lieutenant of  
the County of Kent.*

*My Lord,*

**W**ERE not your goodness Equall with your Great-  
ness, I durst not presume to lay this humble of-  
fering before you ; But as in distress, the Poorer the  
object, the Nobler the Charity ; so in my Circumstan-  
ces, the meaner the Dedicator, the more worthy and  
esteem'd will be the Condescending Patronage of your  
Lordship. Nor ought I to doubt your Generous favours,  
since your Predecessors were always great Encouragers  
of Poetry.

I must not omit the Renowned *Sr. Philip Sidney*  
( whose Father was thrice Lord Deputy of *Ireland* )  
which was not only an Admirable Writer ( besides his  
vast Accomplishments in other things ) But so Indulgent  
a Patron to the Sons of the Muses, that the famous *Spencer*  
Dedicated his Works to him as the only Person Capable  
of Espousing 'em. But this Illustrious Worthy was at last

taken from us ( tho' to the Eternall honour of the *English*) in that Glorious and never to be forgotten Action in the Low-Countries, the battle of *Zutphen* in *Gelderland*.

But I go too far from my purpose ;

My Lord, I could not help my presumption in begging your Protection of this Play, it being a Present to me, and an English Story so fam'd for the Reign of its Monarch, and the management of those few good Men about him, who with great difficulty preserv'd this Prince from the evill Machinations of *Mortimer* and his Faction, from the Potent Enemies of an Interested State ; and the unnatural Connivance of a Mother ( who design'd as much to usurp his Right as she really did destroy his Fathers ) and the delivering their Country from the Tyranny and Oppression it had been long afflicted with, and which in all probability threatned the totall overthrow of the Establish'd Liberties of the Subject. I say, these weighty Motives induc'd me to Consecrate this Piece to your Lordship, as a true bred Son of the Country, and a Person who has always valued the freedom of his Native Brethren, above the Temptations of a prejudic'd and designing Court.

If Preferment could have drawn you from your esteem to the Publick, never bait was better manag'd then that which was offer'd to decoy your Lordship : But you stood it out with the Resolution of *Sr. Robert Holland*, went on with the sincerity and Prudence of *Sr. Tho. Delamore*, and maintain'd it with the spirit of Lord *Mountacute*.

The World cannot be insensible of the unalterable esteem



esteem the Family of the *Sydneys* have constantly shewn both in their Endeavours and Sufferings for the benefit of the Common-Weal. And sure (if we are honest to our selves) we must thrive since those who always oppos'd the Enemies of our Country have with much Patience and Diligence overcome their Industrious Mischiefs, and have now the care of what they've so hard tugg'd for.

We have a King who thinks his Life no longer usefull then when employed for the service of his People; We have a Parliament stedfast and generous, the Publick Employments in the hands of Men of Worth, Fortunes, and Honour: (not lyable to be brib'd from abroad) The necessary part of the Nation satisfy'd and United with a Providence that has prov'd (by its care of our Monarch, both abroad and at home) how our choice is esteem'd above.

That these blessings may not be withdrawn is surely the hearty Prayer of all the Well-Affected; and that the Country may never want a Friend like your Lordship is the zealous wish of him who shall always begg the Honour of subscribing himself,

*Your Lordships most Obedient,*

*Oblig'd and Dutifull Servant.*

Will. Mountfort.



# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Powell.

**I** Can but think how many here are come,  
Prepar'd to give the Insuing Play its Doom :  
But like the Gordian-Knot this Play was made,  
By one who Brought it us in Masquerade ;  
Plays were at first design'd to Lash the age,  
By shewing all its Vices on the Stage,  
As in a Glass there each might see his own,  
And being Conscious blisht at what he'd done ;  
The Fool, the Knave, the Villain they expos'd  
And the Blood-thirsty Politician nooz'd ;  
But Virtue, tho' she suffer'd long at last,  
Was Crown'd with a reward for what was past ;  
The honest-thinking Heathen shew'd the way,  
And handed Down the Moral call'd a Play :  
Old Ben. and Shakespear copied what they writ,  
Then Downright Satyr was accounted wit ;  
The Fox, and Alchymist expos'd the Times,  
The Persons then was loaded with their Crimes ;  
But for the space of Twenty years and more,  
You've hiss'd this way of Writing out of door,  
And kick'd and winch when we but touch the sore.  
But as some Fashions long since useless grown,  
Are now Reviv'd and all the Mode o' th' Town.  
Why mayn't the Antient way of Writing please,  
And in its turn meet with the same Success ?  
The Story's true if you'l believe Record,  
Edward the Third has stamp't it on his word :  
Here English-Men with pleasure may behold,  
How much their Liberties were priz'd of old.  
How hard this Prince for's Countrys freedom strove,  
And how both Prosper'd in each others Love.

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

**I** *T is the Custom of all City-Feasts,  
By Printed Tickets to Invite the Guests;  
The Price is known, and who the Stewards are;  
And nothing's Private but the Bill of Fare,  
Which we expose the fall of Mortimer.  
For Plays are Feasts, and every Scene should be,  
A Different Course, still fresh variety:  
But few obtain that Master-piece of Wit,  
He's a rare Cook that can all Pallats hit;  
For Ways of Eating alter with the Age,  
And such a Peuking stomach haunts the Stage;  
Altho' the best of Artists strive to please,  
'Tis very seldom that they meet succe'ss,  
You set aside the most substantiall Food,  
Beef's Gross, and breeds the curvy in the Blood,  
Nought but Ragoo's and Kickshaws now are good;  
Broken Remains tost by the Mounteirs hand  
Are grown the Darling Viand of the Land,  
Therefore our friend lest you should think it strange  
To Jump from an Extream into a change,  
With Satyr raises up his M'sses high,  
And Interlards his Tale with Comedy:  
But should he fail, we doubt not but to find,  
You to the Waiters always will be Kinde;  
And since The Author who did this Prepare  
Only expects your Liking for his share,  
Do not Withdraw the Profit from the Player.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

**K**ing Edward the Third.  
Mortimer *Earl of March.*  
Lord Mountacute.

Sir Tho. Delamore.

Sir Robert Holland

Tarleton *Bishop of Hereford* }  
*and Chancellour of England.* }

*Serjeant* Eitherfide

Turrington

Nevill.

Sly.

Secret.

*Earl of Leicester.*

*Earl of Exeter.*

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. Mountfort.

Mr. Kynaston.

Mr. Hodgson.

Mr. Lee.

Mr. Nokes.

Mr. Bridges.

Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Bright.

Mr. Trufuse.

Mr. Bowman.

Mr. Sandford.

## W O M E N.

Isabella Queen-Mother.

Maria, *Niece to Serjeant* }

*Eitherfide, in Love with* }

*Mountacute.*

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Lords, Attendants, Guards, Lawyers.

S C E N E Nottingham.



---

 A C T I.
 

---

 S C E N E I. *Nottingham.*
*The Court of King Edward.*

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Tho. Delamore, and  
Sir Robert Holland.*

*Lord Mount.*

**I**T much disturbs me *Delamore*, that thou  
Of all Mankind should'st think my temper frail;  
What hast thou ever seen in *Montacute*,  
Or read i'th' Annals of his Ancestors,

To fear him or suspect his Resolution?  
Proclaim me Bastard if my blood proves base,  
I tell thee good old Friend;  
I'll banish sleep and Pleasure till I've found  
A means to set my bleeding Country free;  
And in the fury of this Noble heat,  
Plunge through a Sea of blood for her deliverance.

*Sr. T. Dela.* I Question not your Spirit, But—

*L. Mont.* What?

*Sr. T. Dela.* Pray give me leave:

Nay, I must chide you, for you give the Reins  
To such a Passion may undo us all;  
Are there not sharp observers plac'd about us,  
Who if'twere possible would search our Souls?  
This eager Fire will quite forestall our purpose.

*L. Mount.* Well! I am hush'd.

But pray propose some means may please my thoughts,  
Since you'll confine my tongue.

B

*Sr. Tho. Dela.*

*Sr. T. Dela.* Nay, I'me for urging of our wrongs, but calmly,  
There is a time  
When Heav'n will do us Right for all our Woes,  
And if the Orphans crys or Widdows tears,  
The Bloud of Innocents which stains the Land,  
Can hasten Vengeance, sure 'tis drawing nigh.

*L. Mount.* 'Tis full three years since *Mortimer* began  
To Lord it o're us by the Queens vile favour;  
He stalks as on a Mountain by himself,  
Whilst we creep humbly in the Vale below,  
And Eye, and Curse, what we're afraid to reach at.

*Sr. Rob. Holl.* In this short space, he and his Brother-Devil  
Have made, undone, new fram'd, shuffled and tolt  
The Antient Customes of our Native Soyl  
So very often, that the Kingdom staggers  
Under the heavy Burthen of her change.

*L. Mount.* What are our Princes? what the Nobles now?  
Are they not Vassals to this upstart's State?  
No more the fame of our Nobility  
Be call'd in mind; who when Usurping Powers  
Did but attempt to Innovate, our Laws  
With their keen Swords like Guardian Angels stood  
And kept the Harpy's from the Sacred Fruit.

*Sr. Rob. Holl.* Is it not fatall to resist his Will?  
Nay none must smile if *Mortimer* be fullen;  
Curse on his Pride: why should we brook it longer?  
Why don't we boldly tell the King our thoughts,  
And make him Great in spight of evill Counsell?

*Sr. Tho. Dela.* There will be *Mortimer* in every State;  
Some Favourite Villain to oppress the Subject,  
Who sell to Knaves what honest Men should have,  
Which loose their Right only for being poor;  
The largest bribe is still his dearest Friend,  
And values not the Credit of his Prince,  
Therefore 'tis just  
The King should know how much he is Ecclips't,  
Who 'tis that grasps the Scepter in his stead,  
And how his Mother lavishly doth waste  
The best of his Revenue on this *March*.

*L. Mount.* It rests not there, she Prostitutes her self,  
Pardon me, for I will not giv't no better name;



Is she not grown the Common tale of all ?  
 One Pallace holds 'em both, one Table feeds 'em;  
 Nay, I will speak it, Sir, one Bed contains 'em :  
 The Brawny Minion's dieted on purpose  
 To do the Drudgery of Royal Lewdness.

*Sr. Rob. Holl.* How are we manag'd by a pair of Knaves :  
*March* rides the Priviledge of all the Peers ;  
 For who in Parliament speaks not his thoughts  
 Must never have a good look from the Court :  
 Whilst *Hereford*, the Reverend Chancellour,  
 Persuades the Queen she may dispence with Laws,  
 And renders 'em according to her purpose.

*Sr. Tho. Del.* If as sometimes he meets a knotty point  
 Which will not stretch to what his need requires,  
 He Summons the most Learned of the Robe,  
 Begging their kind Interpretation of it,  
 Telling how necessary, nay how Loyal 'tis  
 When the Prerogative o'th' Crown is pinch'd  
 Within the Clutches of the Griping Law  
 To ease the Royal Power, and give it freedom :  
 If they Comply not, then his Greatness Culls  
 From out the Scum o'th' Inns of Chancery,  
 A Set of Poor necessitated Rogues,  
 Who've Run through all the Judgments of each Court :  
 And these he makes his Learned Expositors,  
 These as they steadily perform their task,  
 He puts into their Places who refus'd him:  
 Some have the fortune to ascend the Bench,  
 But then they're such Proficients in their Art  
 They'd baffle truth tho' never so well back'd,  
 And dare the Devill in his own Profession.

*Sr. Rob. Ho.* Justice and Honesty have left the Robe,  
 For since the Prelate *Hereford* is chosen,  
 ( Under pretence that Piety best suits  
 To adorn the Person of a Chancellour )  
 Because on Conscience Equity depends :  
 The Antient Practicers refuse to Plead  
 Balkt with his over-ruling Clamorous tongue ;  
 They tell you with a heavy heart and look,  
 That after many years of constant Practice  
 They must to School again and learn the Law.



( 4 )

*L. Mount.* Come, come, it never was a prosperous World,  
Since Priests were Judges made of Temporal matters:  
Why should we wonder People grow Prophane,  
When Mitred-Heads lead 'em the way to Hell;  
The Customes of their Ancestors they slight,  
Have chang'd their Shirts of hair for Robes of Gold:  
Thus Luxury and Interest Rules the Church,  
Whilst Piety and Conscience dwells in Caves.  
Let's stem the Current of this furious tide,  
Our Country is the Parent of us all;  
And shall we talk away the precious hours  
Whilst these vile hangmen stretch her on the Rack?  
Let's force young *Edwards* safety by our Swords,  
And cut off all the holds which bar his Glory.

*Sr. Tho. Del.* Blessings upon thee for this generous heat,  
From hence my fears and Jealousies, be gone;  
Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,  
Which for some years, as once the *Romans* did,  
Withdrew thy self into a willing Exile  
Action, there will be fuel for thy Fire,  
Great as thy Spirit Courts and worthy of thee,  
The matters ready and the Engines fixt,  
Many prepar'd and eager for the work,  
But Place and time forbid the telling more:  
The Darling Comes.

*Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington, and Nevill;  
followed by the Earl of March.*

*Waiters.* Make way there—

*Guards.* Room for his Lordship:

*L. Mount.* See how the Toad swells with his own applause:

*Sr. Tho. Del.* My Lord you do forget.

*L. Mount.* I'me silent:

*Mortim. Turrington:*

*Turring.* Your pleasure:

[ *Petitioners kneeling with Papers.*

*Mort.* What are those Men which bend their knees to us?

They seem as Supplyants.

*Turring.* So they are indeed from several Towns,  
Cities and Burroughs they are come,  
Humbly Imploring you would Intercede

For

For their lost Charters to the Incens'd Queen.

*Mortim.* That is the Chancellours business.

*Turr.* They know your Interest greater and entreat it ;  
The Judges have annul'd 'em ; and unless  
Your Goodness can prevail, many a Town  
By their own faults Incurr'd will fall to ruine,  
And be a Wilderness ; Thousand of Families  
Now in the way of Life must starve and Perish.

*Mortim.* Their Antient Charters by the Law are forfeited,  
But I will Study how to get 'em new ones :  
Our time is spent in telling things aright,  
This Kingdom wants it, and I am its Friend.

*L. Mount.* Was ever Pride or Arrogance like this ?

*Mortim.* Nevill, what would those People have ?

*Nevill.* May it please your Honour,  
They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations  
They all of 'em have voices at Elections,  
And promise for the Parliaments to come,  
They will choose none but what the Court shall like.

*Mortim.* 'Tis well, and we take notice of their Wisdom,  
See that you give 'em welcome as becomes us ;  
Such Subjects must not want Encouragement,  
And *March* be Living.

*L. Mount.* Unheard of Impudence.

*Dela.* My Lord, we are observ'd, see how he eyes us ;  
Nor are we safe whilst we stand trifling here.

*L. Mount.* Why let him eye us till his balls grow stiff.  
His looks may fright those have dependance on him,  
I slight the worst and best of 'em :

*Mortim.* Ha ! what said he ?

*Turr.* Sir ;

*Mort.* Lead on.

*As he moves is met by Montacute who fronts him,  
they stare at each other, and jostle.*

Ha, Jostled !

*Mount.* I finde the man is greater then the Room ;  
Sure else he might have strutted clear of me.

*Mort.* Thou art a froward Peer :

*Mount.* Thou art a yain one ; Nay, frown not *March* :



Thy terrour's lost on me:

Look big upon those bastard English-Men  
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,  
And swear to pick a Parliament  
Shall sell our Freedoms, Persons and Estates,  
To gain a short-liv'd smile—  
They probably may dread thee.

*Mort.* Rash youth, no more, lest thou provoke my anger,  
Till I forget the Pallace that Protects thee;  
But th' Eagle seldome condescends, I think,  
To Combat with the Passion of a Wren.

*L. Mount.* I tell thee Boaster, that my veins do hold  
A Nobler, Richer, Purer blood then thine.

*Mortim.* Thy word's are air which no Impression make,  
So boys hurl stones in Water and so lost:

*L. Mount.* So Men shun Provocations under Proverbs:

*Mort.* Shun thee, poor Wretch, I pitty thee:

*L. Mount.* I scorn thy pitty, and condemn thy hate.

*Dela.* Nay Mountacute.

*L. Mount.* Rot his proud Spirit—oh that I had thee forth  
On some wide Plain to Hunt thy haughty Soul,  
Distant from all Protection but thy Swords,  
There thou shouldst finde—

*Mort.* A Pratler;

Thy Mother's folly dwells upon thy tongue,  
Thou cam'st from School too early,  
Fye Boy, fye:

*L. Mount.* Statesman, Statesman, thou Engineer of hell:

*Mort.* Rail on, and spend thy Gall, malicious thing,  
Whose Nurfs Milk still hangs upon thy Lips,  
You should be scourg'd to manners.

*L. Mount.* The King shall know thee,

*Mort.* Then he'll know himself:

*L. Mount.* Arrogance, I shall meet thee;

*Mort.* Beware the Thunder Child, 'tis dangerous.

*Mount.* If thou art so, like Lightning, I'll fore-run thee,  
And if thy self thou dar'st a Thunder Prove,  
Follow me *Mortimer* and I'll think thee *Jove*.

*Exeunt Mount. Dela. and Holland.*

*Faring.*



*Turring.* Had you not Patience as you have the Power  
Of an offended Deity, this language sure had been his last;  
I watch'd, my Lord, your eyes,  
And ready for the Signall of dispatch,  
Had laid his Reaking heart beneath your feet.

*Nevill.* You are too mercifull, too full of goodness,  
Such high Indignities call for Resentments  
No less then Death; Pardon my plainness Sir,  
For here I Prophecy, unless you break  
This Serpents Egg before the Monster's hatch'd,  
'Twill bring Destruction on your self and friends.

*Mort.* I thank ye, and am happy in your service;  
The Babler I despise, he shall be punish'd,  
The Envy that his Canker'd breast is big with,  
By Preying on its self shall work his Ruine;  
So Doggs behold the Lustre of the Moon,  
And so run yelping backward into madness.

*Nevill.* The Queen:

*Mort.* Retire, meet me anon, and we'll consult what's best.

*Enter Queen Isabella. All retire but Mortimer.*

My Lovely Queen, my charming *Isabella*,  
The Empress of my Soul, and balm of Life,  
Ten thousand *Cupids* play within those Circles,  
And dart the Rays of Love so quick and fast,  
That all my Spirits leap to meet thy Glories.

*Queen.* I find my Soul so near resemble thine,  
That when you speak it hasts to catch thy words;  
So when some Curious Artist strikes the Lute,  
The Harmony excites the Astonish'd Sense,  
And to the Face conveys the suddain Transport  
When thou dost offer up this Sacrifice;  
Like *Cynthia* to her Lov'd *Endymion*,  
I must descend and thus Caress my Charmer.

*Mort.* To you alone I own my Second being,  
And can I pay my life to other use  
Then the adoring of my saving Goddess?  
Well I remember when *Carnarven*, *Edward*,  
By *Spencers* Art lodg'd me within the Tower,  
Where every minute boaded still my last,

'Midst of despair ; 'twas thou my better *Genius*  
 Contriv'd the means to save thy Vassal's Life :  
 A sleepy mixture artfully convey'd  
 Into the Wine, the greedy Warders Drank,  
 While by a Friend that thou hadst made with Gold  
 I past the Guards and fled the hated Place.

*Queen.* Could I do less then that for him I lov'd,  
 He who in Steel had fought my Battles o're  
 'Gainst the false *Spencers*, and worse *Gavestone* ;  
 He who all danger in my Cause defy'd,  
 Was my best Friend against a Hoast of Foes :  
 Oh *Mortimer* how happy had I been  
 If 'stead of *Edward* thou hadst been my Lord,  
 Then Innocent and Pure as Vestall flames  
 I had come unspotted to thy wishing Arms,  
 And left no stain upon my Memory.

*Mort.* Beauty like yours was ever absolute,  
 Crowns should not Awe, nor should the Throne Command,  
 But he that's bravest best deserves the blessing ;  
 Was *Edward* fit to reap such joys as these ?  
 Ungratefull *Edward* who receiv'd a Prize,  
 Heaven could not match in all its wondrous store,  
 And for return instead of Prayers and Incense  
 Slighted the Giver and the glorious Present :  
 A Minion *Spencer* must supply the Place,  
 A *Ganewede*, a *Hylas*, senseless Prince,  
 The Gods Reprisall gave for the Contempt,  
 And for reward of all my Cares and Toyls  
 Decreed this slighted Beauty should be mine.

*Queen.* You Men are skillfull in the Trade of Love,  
 You found our Souls and Catch our Weaknesses,  
 Apting your words still to the Theam we're fond of,  
 And we believe 'em to our own undoing.

*Mort.* Whilst thus I press, I feel a kindly heat  
 Glow in my heart, urging to eager Bliss :  
 Sweets let me sip from these Immortal Springs ;  
 Youth we'll renew, and humane nature change,  
 Making the Extacy a Paradise.

*Queen.* Mayst thou for ever feel this Pleasing Fire,  
 May fears ne're cool it, time or Age decay it,  
 Desire for ever wait upon our Joys,

And



And may the last be ever thought the best.

*Mort.* What Brainfick Priests do in their Raptures tell  
Of the *Elizium* endless happiness  
Falls short of what each minute I enjoy ;  
But oh my Care, our Paths of Love are strew'd  
With Briers which Thwart and Cross us in our Pleasures :  
Young *Mountacute* with *Delamore* and *Holland*,  
Those subtle Bellous which keep in his fire,  
And raise and calm it as their Work requires  
Must be remov'd, Their Interest is great,  
Their Prudence strict, *Mountacute's* Courage firm,  
Their Fortunes able to maintain their measures,  
Which strikes for thy Sons Greatness and our Ruine.

*Queen.* The Boy is Plyable to all my wishes,  
'Tis a half Soul bred in the Lag of Love,  
And Spiritless as the Desire which got him ;  
We'l think of them at Leisure.

*Mort.* No more then now.

Let us Retire to our Delights, unutterable Joys,  
Oh ! why should Death for ever part such Lovers  
Fate ; when your pleasure comes that we must fall,  
Let us together mount the *Etheriall* Region :  
But oh I fear my Soul's too poor for thine,  
Queens have peculiar stations sure above ;  
I tost and shatter'd must remain below,  
Ever Imploring for my heav'n in view.

*Queen.* No, if the Powers despise my *Mortimer*,  
Their Care of me alone's not worth my Thanks.  
Single a Paradise I could not bear,  
Heav'n would be Hell were *Mortimer* not there.

*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

C

A C T

---

 ACT II. SCENE I.
 

---

*The Scene Opens and Discovers King Edward on a Couch,  
after some struggling Rises.*

*King.* **W**Here have I been, or what is't I have seen?  
'Tis said the Soul while the Tyred body sleeps,  
Her Mansion often leaves and Roves abroad,  
Sometimes to Groves and Solitary Cells,  
Sometimes to Courts, to Cities, and to Camps;  
Mingling with Crouds, then strangely left alone:  
But mine has fall'n down dreadfull Precipices,  
Walkt in the Charnell-Houses of the dead:  
My Fathers Ghost stalk'd thus before my eyes,  
Cry'd out Revenge, then shreik'd and disappear'd,  
With so much hast, as if it seem'd to dread  
The hand of Murder did pursue it still;  
Yet, as it fled it forc't the yielding Air,  
To Eccho back, beware of *Mortimer*,

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Lord Mountacute, Sir Robert Holland, with Sir Thomas Delamore,  
Wait for admittance to your Majesty.

*King.* They're wellcome, bring 'em in;  
Then headless *Kent* my once beloved Uncle,  
Led on a Train of miserable Shades,  
Who seem'd bewailing their untimely deaths.  
With uplift hands they begg'd as for releif,  
And in sad postures told their several Fates:  
Then *Mortimer* Led in my wicked Mother,  
Who snatch'd the Crown from me and gave it him,  
At which the numerous Crowds of Ghosts look'd paler,  
Their mangled Limbs broke out afresh with bloud,  
And the Surprizing horror shook off sleep;  
What is it, oh ye Powers, that ye decree?  
Am I design'd to fall a Sacrifice  
To the Ambitious Lust of this fell Monster?  
If Dreams Presage, Or Visions can forebode

[*Exit Messenger.*]

The



The Fate of *Edward*, *Edward* must succeed,  
 If so you've fix'd it, yet I'll face this storm,  
 Stand like a King 'gainst my Rellious Doom ;  
 And Perish worthy of my Dignity.

*Enter Lord Mountacute. Sr. Thomas Delamore,  
 and Sr. Robert Holland*

*All.* Health to your Majesty :

*King.* The like to all of You, ye are good men ;  
 My Worthy Uncle *Edmond* when alive  
 Bad me select and value ye as Jewells,  
 When Dying, as a Legacy Bequeath'd  
 Your Faiths and Service ;  
 I am too Young to know the Arts of Men,  
 But by my hopes I think ye mighty honest.

*L. Moun.* Our happiness Lyes only in that thought :

*King.* Tell me my Friends, and with that honest Plainness  
 As suits the Character I have of you :  
 Why is it that with folded Arms of Late,  
 And heavy Eyes which speak distemper'd minds,  
 Ye measure out your steps ?  
 Seeming like Statues more then Councillors,  
 As mourners wait upon the Dead remains  
 Of some lov'd friend to his eternall home.

*S. Tho. Del.* Most Royall Prince, my honour'd Leige and Master.

*King.* Honour'd, my Leige, my Prince and Royall Master.  
 How Like this sounds to *Mortimer* ;  
 I find he's grown the President o'th Court,  
 The Star by which each Courtier guides his hopes.

*S. Rob, Holl :* Rather a Meteor or some Exhalation  
 Rais'd by the Sulphurous vapours of the Earth,  
 Which borrowing of a Blaze from Reall Lights  
 Attracts the eyes of Fools to Gaze on it.

*King.* No more on your Allegiance, to the Point :

*L. Moun.* You have touch'd us home Sir now, and we obey  
 The Secrets of our hearts shall be unlock'd,  
 Where you may read yours and the Nations doom ;  
 It is the Man you've named which rides our Spirits.  
 Oh my Lov'd Lord !  
 Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Bosome,

Which Gnaws insensibly upon your honour?  
 Why pamper'd with the Worship of mens Knees?  
 You are our King, Rouse sleeping Majesty,  
 Awake and view the Souls which wait your rising,  
 To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.

*S. Tho. Del.* Where now is Right? to whom shall we Appeal?  
 The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer* :  
 Whilst the Laws edge is Ground but on one side,  
 Nor that employ'd unless to Lop your Friends :  
 The man who dare reflect on his Proceedings,  
 Or pity but the Circumstances of *Edward*,  
 Is freight beset and sworn into some Plot :  
 His Life or Fortune's seiz'd, it may be both  
 Jurys and Witnesses are kept in pay,  
 Which have agree'd his Ruine e're he's heard.

*S. Rob. Holl.* Thus your good Subjects daily are Oppress'd,  
 Which Perish by Consent of Perjury.

*S. Tho. Del.* Thus whilst these vile Possessors wrack the Land,  
 Your Worth decays and Glory runs to Ruine :  
 It can't last long they think, so make the most on't,  
 Assume your Right, or we must all submit,  
 Our Country Like Estates held in dispute,  
 Fertile in Woods and Parks the Pride of Wealth.  
 If he that's in possession thinks it short,  
 He Cuts down all the Pomp of's Ancestors,  
 Which many years their Diligence Improv'd  
 So Worthy men the prop of future hopes,  
 By this Usurper *Mortimer* are Lopp'd,  
 Their Fortunes torn by'th' Roots form long Succession ;  
 And scatter'd to maintain Voluptuousness.

*King.* Is't Possible! I always thought him ill,  
 But you Decypher him a very Devill :  
 Filling my thoughts with horror of his Crime.

*Sr Tho. Del.* Each Magistrate which should administer  
 Justice Impartiall, why all are made by him  
 Which Ruine others to preserve themselves ;  
 The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures,  
 The Bishop Chancellor takes Care of that ;  
 Places of Trust and Profit are all Sold :  
 'Tis Practis'd from the Mitre'd holy head  
 To'th Needy Starving Verger of the Church :

You



You can't serve Heav'n on Cushions but you pay for't,  
Or Blister your Numb'd Knees upon the Marble;  
Then from the Scarlet and the Purple Gown,  
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

*Lo. Mount.* Well may the Nation Groan while such as these  
Sit at the helm, and what expect but shipwrack.

*King.* Now by my Honour I'll no Longer bear  
The Ignominious hand of a Controul;  
I find myself enlarg'd, Each Artery  
Beats double time, as if my Spirits strove  
To be in Action; My Fathers Soul  
Shoots in my blood, and Prompts to Resolution:  
Thus I Cast from me

The Name of Duty and the Tye of Son,  
Since thou art dead to shame, be so to me.

*Sr. Tho. Del.* Ay, now my Lord you speak your self a King:  
Do but appear with that Authority,  
The Praise of *Edward* Every tongue will sing,  
While Ravish'd heav'n does eccho back the sound;  
You can't want hands for such a Noble Work,  
A Cause like yours would summon the Just Gods  
With all their Thunder to the Royall Aid:  
Oh let me Kiss your Sacred feet dear Prince;  
These Words have added years to my sick Life.

[Kneels

*King.* He Weeps, indeed the honest man  
Does weep; Rise *Delamore* for I will be my self,  
And this Usurper *March* shall down to Hell,  
All spare the Tree whose Branches serve as shade,  
Till the spread mischiefs kill the under-Plants,  
Then every Man assists to fell it down,  
So this *Colossus* of the English Ile,  
Under whose Legs the Tallest Ships must Pass,  
E're they gain harbour shall to Seas be hurl'd,  
And in their Bottom finde a Monument:  
My Dream comes on apace, and I foretell  
This meeting Ominous to *March* for it Portends;  
The Wardship of the Queen, and he expires,  
He seeks my Life, and Crown: ha! is't not so?

*Sr Tho, Del.* Right Sir, that must be surely the designe  
By his removing you to his Residence:  
Why was not *Salisbury* as good a place,

Oh!

Oh! there you liv'd surrounded by the Peers  
And Loyall Commons, 'twas a place too safe :

*Lo. Mount* : Possibly he did it Sir to shew the State  
Your Royall Mother keeps — But then  
Why was not his fair Castle made your Palace?  
No, your eyes would Peirce too deep in his designe,  
For there he Lives in Grandeur,  
In Masks and Revells every night he reigns  
While alls Barr'd up as if he fear'd a spy.

*Sr Rob Holl.* You now are open to each Traytors shaft,  
And in the very mid'st I dare avouch it,  
Of those who long to taste your Royall Life.

*King.* Thanks my Good Angell, thou hast turn'd my fears,  
The Chilnes of my Blond now Ebbs apace,  
My shivering Nerves shake their Convulsion off,  
And ye have Rouz'd the youthfull Lyon up;  
Oh that I had the hearts of these Bloud-hunters,  
This Pious Chancellor and Treacherous March;  
Like young *Alcides* would I Gripe the Snakes;  
My worthy friends be still about my Person,  
Send Instantly to *Berkly, Salisbury,*

[Exit Holland.

*Leicester and Mordant* : You withdraw with me;  
Business I have requires your best advice,  
For like the Mariner I see from far  
A Storm is gathering in the distant Sky;  
But with these Vessells I can fear no Sea,  
The utmost Rigour of the Clouds I'll stand  
Safe as the Souls which pittie us from Land.

Exeunt.

## SCENE II. The Chancellours Apartment.

*Enter Sly, and Secret Assurance with Papers in their hands; Then the Mace  
and Purse, The Chancellour. On each side of him Judges who Complement  
him, and then take their leave: Then the Chancellour sits in a Chairs of State  
while the Lawyers present him with New-Years Gifts.*

*1. Law.* I beg your Lordship would accept of this poor offering,  
I have had but a bad Term; as the times mend  
My Acknowledgments shall grow greater.

[Exit Law.

*Chan.* Three broad Pieces (counts the money)

This



This fellow will come to nothing, I remember him an Attorney, you know him *Secret*.

*Sec.* Yes, and Please you, he was once of the house of which I'm President, he always shun'd coming into Commons, and us'd to Dine at a three-penny Celler, always went to bed by day-light, Stole Paper and Pens, and begg'd Ink, he had but one Band which he wash'd himself at the Pump, and then dry'd it by the Hall-fire.

*2d. Law.* If your Lordship be at Leisure——*gives him money*

*Chan.* Councillor *Dunderpate*, I am glad to see you, I hope your family is well :

*2d. Law.* At your Lordships Service :

*Chan.* You're a sensible man, 10 *Pieces*—well I never forget my friends.

*2d. Law.* There is a Cause will come before your Lordship between *Pluckat* and *Holdfast*—now I am for the the Defendant—*Holdfast* and the Case is thus——

*Chan.* Why you rascall, are you going to Corrupt me with prepossession of the Cause e're I've heard——

*2d. Law.* With your Lordships permission——

*Chan.* Sirrah, I will have nothing to do with it till it Lyes before me; Why you Jackanapes because I indulge your Presents d'you think I take 'em as Bribes—— ha !

*2d. Law.* I beg your Lordships pardon, thus I confess my Errour.

*[ gives more money. ]*

*Chan.* This makes some attonement, but d'hear, if ever I catch you at the like, as opening the merrits of the Cause in Private again— I'll make you such an Example, that that—— *Sly* take Councillor *Dunderpate* into the Buttery, and give him a bottle of Sack.

*2. Law.* Your Lordships Devoted Slave. *[ Ex. Sly and Dun. ]*

*Several Law.* If it please your gracious Lordship.

*Chan.* Why, lay down what you have, I cannot look over it now.

*They lay down their Presents, he smiles on some, nods upon others, more or less ; as he likes their Gifts, they go off.*

*Enter Serjeant Either side.*

*Chan.* Serjeant *Either side*, how do you ? I hope your Brother-in-Law Serjeant *Huddle-Cause* is well : I am glad to see you, you are my old Friend and Acquaintance, ( let me see ) above 20 years standing : ha is't not so ?

*Serj.* Your Lordship hits the mark of time Exactly, and I Protest the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgment beyond the Talent

I am endow'd withal; Let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, Profoundly Celebrate your Lordships Praises, and acquaint the World, the favours you have plac'd on me your Creature, Exalts me to the Pinnacle of Ambition, and as an Incumbent duty obliges me to Consecrate my self and Posterity to your Lordships Pleasure: Give me admittance therefore most humbly to pay this Tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy years.

*Chan.* The Man speaks well (*weighs the purse*) there's weight in his words; a great sign of an able Pleader—how does your Neice?

*Serj.* My Lord.

*Chan.* How does your Neice, I say, what art thou deaf?

*Serj.* She's well my gracious Lord, and happy that your Eminence takes notice of her.

*Chan.* I never saw her, but am told she's a notable baggage, a tite Lass and a pretty one:

*Secret.* Fetch her whilst his blood's warm, I see it glow through his Praises.  
[ *Exit Serjeant Either side.* ]

*Enter more who give money.*

*Chan.* Lay it down I say, why I won't forget ye.

[ *They all bow mighty low and retire.* ]

If this trade were to last the year round, I should have a fine time on't, Gold in abundance, without which (as *Anthony* said) the world's not worth my Care: 'tis great Pitty the first of *January* comes but once in a twelvemonth. Every one of these Crouching Fawning Sniveling Sons of Perdition expect I should do wonders for 'em, but I know none of 'em; as I lock up their Presents I bury their memories:—nor can I recollect 'em under under fresh ones—*Secret.* I am but a man, yet am glad to do good in my Function when the Persons are truly sensible.

*Secret.* 'Tis a great goodness in you then.

*Chan.* Why there's that old spawn of the Serpent; *Either side*, a fellow of rare parts, eminent Practice; I have known him undo twenty People, and they never the wiser—a very wicked fellow—but then on the other hand his Repentance is always so hearty, so Substantiall and feeling, that my nature is overcome with his Penitence, and I can no more chide him then I can refuse his Oblation.

*Secret.* Such men are wanting to fill the Bench withall, and I hope he may stand fair in your Lordships opinion in the next remove, he'd perform his part rarely, he's no Charitable Conscientious Timorous Fellow, but a Thorough-pac'd Lawyer, and mighty hearty in the Cause—

*Chan.* Say't thou so man, and by my Troth it was well thought on;  
if



if these Peeking velvet-hearted Wary Knaves that pretend to Scruples and seem averse to comply with the Queens desires hang an Arse any longer, they shall make room for more deserving Persons—I do admire they can have so little Grace as to receive a Plentifull Salary and make no return for it.

*Secret.* I'll pawn my Soul for him —his temper may be moulded to what use occasion shall require; besides his wants will prompt him to comply, his Gains are not sufficient to maintain his family as his Wife would have it, for she loves to go fine as most of 'em do; and for a new gown would make him give away the Justest Cause in the world; his Estate too is morgag'd past recovery, to maintain her pride.

*Chan.* But his Neice *Secret* his Neice.

*Secret.* Oh she's the Prettiest Creature, my eyes are look'd on, such a Composition of flesh and blood, so Witty, so Modest, so Alluring—

*Chan.* And such a Servant I want, for I am grown of late so melancholly, I am not what I was—we are all flesh and blood *Secret*, if she's of a coming-nature she's made for ever, I grow aged, this Turmoyling in the Government, what with my affairs o'th State, and bustling on the Bench, bandying about Equity and one thing or other, wearys me out strangely—I want like the Heathen Monarchs, my *Saraglio*, to refresh me after the business of the day, but I must keep that to my self—and is she tractable?

*Secret.* Easy as Innocence it self; he's gone to fetch her.

*Chan.* Sayst thou?

*Secret.* He's gone to fetch her:

*Chan.* Hither.

*Secret.* Hither to your Lordship

*Chan.* He shall be a Judge, let him bring her instantly; I am much refresh'd with the thoughts that I can serve the Nation and my self so Luckily—go and bid the Serjeant prepare for his advancement.

*Sly.* I shall my Lord

[Exit Sly

*Secret.* Will it please your Lordship to peruse these Papers?

*Chan.* No Sir, I design to peruse something else I thank you, I will not have my Imagination disturb'd, nor my fancy pall'd; tell me of Papers when I'm to give my Judgment upon flesh and blood: what do you take me for nothing but hurry-durry all my life long: thou thinkst my brains are taken up like thine who's to be fined next: no, thou half-skin of Parchment, I hate the Sin of being Covetous, tho' I love Gold Extremely, not altogether in regard as it is money, but because Physicians have told me 'tis a great Restorative,\* you Varlet.

*Secret.* I beg your Lordships pardon.

D

*Chan.*

*Chan.* Pardon, why you Jack-Call to the Law, did'tt think I was angry, angry on a New-years day, angry when Riches and Love is towards me, no, no—but heark you Sirrah:

*Secret.* What is your Pleasure?

*Chan.* That shall be nameless—Sirrah, was ever such a Question ask'd a man in my office? why, you Sawcy Impertinent—

*Enter Sly.*

Ha! is she coming rogue, say you? you little sucking Devill, by the Mass I'm strangely alter'd within this half hour—Look you, I am not angry *Secret*, as I said before—but, is she such a pretty sweet dapper Peice of beauty? I will make thee a great man shortly by the Mass.

*Sly.* My Lord, she's whatsoever you can fancy, nor can you stretch your thoughts into Imagination, but she **Exceeds it** in substance; her Uncle overjoy'd at the Good Office brings her himself.

*Chan.* He shall be a Judge—shall—he is already.

*Sly.* See, they are here my Lord.

*Enter Serjeant Eitherfide and his Neice Maria.*

*Chan.* Leave us.

[ *Exit Secret and Sly.*

A glorious Woman: how her eyes sparkle, and how the bloud juts in and out upon her cheeks, as if it hop'd some good were coming toward her—come, sweet one,

[ *kisses* ]

Her lips are made of Velvet, smooth, soft, and plyable, I'll lip her and eye her, and every thing her. — *Serjeant*, as I told you before, I have a great kindness for you, and hearing that you had a Neice of worthy Education, whose merits spoke her praise ( oh you little baggage ) I can do no less, having your Preferment in my eye, then while I was doing good for you in some measure, to advance your Neices fortune, my House wants such a sober discreet young Woman to manage it, and by the way I must call you my Lord.

*Ser.* Oh Sir!

*Chan.* Indeed I must—the Queen upon my Request doth conferr the office of Judge on you, as you deserve; that for ought I know you may be in a little time Chief Justice— This I have done my friend to serve you: But to the matter, what say you Mr. *Serjeant* ( my Lord, I beg your pardon ) are you willing to put your Neice under my care and Protection? ha!

*Ser.* My Lord you so highly oblige me, I am struck silent with the manner



ner of it—a Judge, Chief-Justice, I am confounded with the honour—  
My Lord, the Maid is whatever you please to make her.

*Chan.* Then I'll make a Woman of her speedily : What say you pretty Lady, are you free to take the trouble upon you ? I am a weak man and have but few Relations—If I do well I'll make your fortunes : If I dye, you shall have no Cause to repent.

*Mari.* Would thou wert dead already ; must I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition ? be steady Virtue, and assist me Heav'n, tho' poor, I'll not be base— Oh *Mountacute*.

*Chan.* What say you fair one ?

*Mari.* In any honest way I should be proud to serve your Lordship, and obey my Uncle.

*Chan.* Pretty Innocence, I am but twenty— not so much I believe, I know not what I am.

*Ser.* He may in time make her his Heir, at least her fortunes made, and I am freed of a Burthen— My worthy Lord, her mind and mine are all one, she is the Creature of your Pleasure, and will take any Impression your Lordship shall stamp on her ( a Judge— ) Wife be of Comfort, thy Chariot shall be turn'd into a Coach ; Thy Pew at Church be strip'd of Baize, and lin'd with Velvet, and thou shalt take place of my Lady *Mayoreß* Neice ; you were born under a happy Planet, fortune throws her self into your Lap, make use on't while 'tis offer'd, a Lord— oh lack a day, I can't contain my extasy.

*Chan.* Have you consider'd little one of the offer ? you shall Command in Chief, and be esteem'd as if my Sister :  
No harm shall come to you.

*Mar.* I hope not.

*Chan.* Fear it not.

*Mar.* I trust in your honour, your Robe's too worthy sure to harbour ill.

*Ser.* Neice, you must not talk so Impertinently : Incline your minde and body as his Chancellorship and holyness shall think fit.

*Mar.* Hold there, good Uncle.

*Chan.* I am mightily o'rejoy'd it should fall out so pat that I can serve my old Friend : 'Tis an Angelical Jade, and I grow very warm : well Childe, I will take care of you : My Lord, within two days your Patent shall be ready ; I would discourse a little with your Neice in Private— I protest things fall out so lucky.

*Ser.* I'll leave her with your Lordship.

*Chan.* Pray call me Brother-Lord, we are both Judges now and Lords alike.

*Ser.* Then Brother-Lord— oh pretty— I'll leave her with your Brother Lordship.

*Chan.* Do, do.

*Mar.* How will you leave me alone with a man Uncle?

*Serj.* Peace baggage — Uncle—I'm a Judge.

*Chan.* Why are you affraid of an old man?

*Serj.* I'll make the Knaves that brought the extent against me smook—a Judge—I'll feague the Rogues—Brother, I am your Lordships most humble and eternally engaged servant and Judge.

*Chan.* Oh my Lord Judge your friend:

[*goes to the door with  
the Serjeant and Locks is.*]

*Mar.* Ha! What now! I finde here will be sport,  
But *Mountaine* I will not wrong my love to thee,  
I have kept it Pure unsully'd hitherto,  
And will, spight of this mighty man,  
And mightyer Villain Uncle.

*Chan.* My Dear Child I shall respect thy Uncle infinitely for thy sake,  
thou hast the Inticing't Look with thee—I must peep in thy face and  
admire the features—nay, be not Bashfull, I am thy friend, thy Gover-  
nour, and thou art become my particular Care.

*Mar.* Nay, fye my Lord;

*Chan.* By the Mass I have a greater kindness for thee then I can ex-  
press; why you little Cherubim, what a pair of pretty swelling pow-  
ring babbies hast thou got, they play in and out as they were at bo-peep.  
I must initiate 'em into my favour.

*Mar.* Nay, my Lord for Shame.

*Chan.* Sweeter then *Jessamin* or Honey-Suckles, she has call'd my heart  
up to my Lips, but I'll make her draw it down to its place: come child.

[*he pulls her.*]

*Mar.* Nay, pray my Lord, do no Violence;

*Chan.* Why you baggage, if to look Babys in your eyes, to play with  
those Lilly white snow-Balls, and to smother thee with kisses be to use  
violence, I cannot forbear it.

*Mar.* Does this become your Coat my Lord?

*Chan.* No matter for my Coat child, it agrees with my body, nay, I  
must Plunder.

*Mar.* Help, help, within there.

*Chan.* Hush huswife, here here's Gold for thee, thou shalt have more  
then thou can'st carry.

*Mar.* I never can deserve this bounty, nor can I guess why 'tis you  
tribute your Servant thus, indeed you make me blush.

*Chan.*



*Chan.* There she has me again, such another Glance and I am a dead man: a bribe, a paw-word: Why I have given thee my heart already and going to put my body into thy Possession.

*Mar.* For Heaven's sake are you Pious?

*Chan.* I am not Pious, nay, hang not back, for I will rifle thy sweets, and bury my self in thy bosome, I will, I will.

*Mar.* Help, Murder, Uncle, what shall I do?

*Mortimer within.*

*Mort.* My Lord, Lord Chancellor, ha! are you at it?

*Enter Sly.*

*Sly.* Sir, Sir, My Lord the Earl of *March* is coming.

*Chan.* Let him go to the Devill, could he find no other time but now, I never disturb'd him at his Recreations.

*Sly.* What shall I say my Lord?

*Chan.* Say any thing, and be damn'd: Why, you Rascal, you a Lawyer, and to seek for a Lye.

*Mort. within.* When Priest, when come you?

*Mar.* This is lucky.

*Chan.* I must to him, the Devill fetch him, go, go, into that Room, I'll be with you presently; nay, go, all shall be well, and I'll be civill.

*[puts her off and locks her in.]*

You dog could you not deny me, had you no sooner done the Office of bringing us together, but you must break off the bargain before we had Sign'd and Seal'd.

*Sly.* 'Tis some earnest business in the Law he says.

*Mort.* Why Chancellour?

*Chan.* Well, well, I'm coming,  
And when I have dispatch'd him I'll withdraw,  
And read another Lesson then the Law.

*[Exit.]*

The End of the Second Act.

D 3

A C T

## A C T III.

S C E N E I. *The Castle.**Enter Turrington and Nevill.*

*Tur.* **A**FFairs seem veering, and the Fane of *Edward*  
Which hitherto has pointed to our wishes,  
Is turn'd against us ; out of what corner  
Comes this blast of change ? 'Tis sudden,  
All are as hush as Murderers when escaping.  
Privacy the waiting-womans Virtue is in use,  
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports  
For closer Studies.

*Nevill.* 'Tis odd, and we must arm against it, just now  
I would have pass'd the Anti-Chamber,  
And a Starch'd fellow grimly stop'd my Passage ;  
I ask'd the Knave by whose Authority  
He barr'd my Entrance, he replied morosely  
I was by my betters, and he would obey 'em ;  
Then I demanded if the Rascall knew me.

*Tur.* What said he then ?

*Nevill.* He answer'd better then I knew my self,  
Bid me return, there was no room for Scouts ;  
The ill-bred Dog had stood corrected,  
Had not old *Leicester*, *Berkley*, *Salisbury*,  
With buisy faces come into the Room ;  
To these he turn'd the Key, said they were staid for.

*Tur.* These froward Peers Envy our Masters fortune,  
Some of 'em have been faulty 'gainst the Queen,  
For which they were forbid her Royall Presence,  
And with a fullness withdrew from Court :  
What brings 'em hither now is worth enquiry,  
Unsent for I am sure they did not come :

For



For *March* and they, like jarring Elements  
Have Constant Enmity and must keep distance:  
But see he comes, with him the Chancellor,  
He glows, the Prelate made him wait,  
And we shall hear how he resents his State.

[ *Exit.*

*Enter Mortimer and Chancellor.*

*Mort.* Must I attend your leisure, wait your hour,  
And herd among your slaves, thou clod of earth,  
Whom I have work't and moulded up to form,  
And breath'd a Soul into?

*Chan.* Why, my Lord, my Lord,

*Mort.* Thou hast forgotten thy Originall;  
When Pensive in a poor thatch'd homely Cell,  
Lonely and Destitute as want could make thee;  
No Wine nor Flesh to Nurse a loose desire;  
Thy lust was more to food then woman then,  
The Suns hot season scarce could taint thy blood,  
Or if it did thou crep't to thy Turf-bed,  
Which quickly damp'd the Carnall Exhalation.

*Chan.* What will become of me?

*Mort.* How wou'd'st thou bless the founder of a Loaf,  
So needy thou wou'd'st plunge the deep mired road,  
To hold the Stirrup of a Passenger,  
While with expecting eyes you watch'd his hand,  
And with a face of sorrow begg'd relief.

*Chan.* Do but hear me.

*Mort.* Pittying thy abject State I took thee hence,  
Cloath'd, fed and rais'd thy drooping Spirits up,  
Plac'd thee where thou grew'st fat with saying Prayers,  
But quickly found that Virtue was thy Burthen,  
Thy Piety grew faint with Nourishment,  
Thy Carcase was the hoard of Luxury,  
Where each variety came tumbling in;  
The profits of the Church thou still wou'd'st glean,  
But never did a moments duty for it,  
Pick'd up a Mendicant of thy old Trade,  
He was sufficient for the work of Heaven:  
Your Clergy's grown so lazy with their wealth,  
'Tis Drudgery if they Preach 'bove once a Year:

And

And if you'r Chose in Lent you call it thrashing,  
Because you think there's nothing to be got ;  
Like Sheriffs then you had rather fine then stand.

*Chan.* Your Lordship is pleas'd to be somewhat free with the Church,  
if it knew you so sharpan observer, the Members of it would Contri-  
bute towards your Removall.

*Mort.* I rais'd thee, I preferr'd thee,  
And as thou did'st improve in serving me  
From all the vile necessities I've mention'd,  
Advanc'd thee to the highest place of trust,  
Exhalted thee from the Meager dregs of man,  
To be a Saucy, Proud, Lacivious Prelate.

*Chan.* Nay my Lord, I must confess you have done me many  
signall favours, but I beseech you, however you Load my Person, have  
a regard to my Function, Lacivious—revile me at your Pleasure, but  
forbear Scandalizing the Gown, you may talk of what you please, and  
my Gleaning the Profits of the Church, but what can be Glean'd out of  
him that fasts four days a week, and when he does eat, takes no more  
then what will Just keep Life and Soul together ?

*Mort.* 'Tis false :  
You pamper your varatious Appetites,  
Indulge Prædominance to that degree,  
You exceed the very *Sultan* of the East ;  
But with this Difference, he at vast expence  
Keeps his *Scraglio* : you have all in Common,  
Under the holy Covert of Confession :  
You shrowd the Priest and Sanctify the Whore,  
Did I not bolt upon your Rank Devotion :  
And caught you acting *Tarquin* on *Lucretia*.

*Chan.* I cou'd give him a rub of Majesty if I durst. [aside]  
What A Cenforious Age do we live in, that a man of my Cloathing can-  
not press a Case of Conscience home to a Gentlewoman, but it must look  
like force ? But suppose I was doing what your Lordship said : I say,  
suppose, why all flesh is frail—because we ought to be above temptation :  
d'you think it possible to be so ? We that are given to fasting Eat Fish,  
and fish is of a Provoking Disgestion, and make the worst of what you  
were saying, 'twas but veniall.

As the *Casuits* says,— I confess to Ravish is a heinous Crime  
in the Sex that puts us to't, But if it raises their affections the more,  
then it may be palliated ; but as for simple Fornication there's not a  
Novice in any University or Colledge in *Europe* but is allow'd it, provided  
it



it be used as the Cannon expresses—medicinally, and for healths sake.

*Mort.* Leave guilding Vices with the Cant of Virtue,  
The time calls on for business ; for the offence  
You have committed meritt the forgiveness.

Read that, and as you love your safety see it done. [*gives a Paper.*]

*The Chancellor mumbles as reading the Paper,  
Eyes Mortimer, at last speaks the suppos'd end.*

*Chan.* ———By formall process.

Let *Mountacute* be speedily dispatch'd say you—is it thereabouts, I  
perceive who has nettled him, and I must smart for't—but I have a fetch—  
dispatch'd : ha dispatch'd !

*Mort.* Why do you hesitate, I say dispatch'd,  
Are you so squeamish you can't digest the term ?

*Chan.* No my Lord, not I, but you ferrit me out of the few fences I  
have—dispatch'd—murder'd —'tis not my profession—I will not  
turn Cutthroat for any mans pleasure, if the lodging him in a Jail for  
his Life will serve so, if not—

*Mort.* Away Trifler :

*Chan.* I am confounded ; why, you have no sooner done Chiding me  
for a little humane frailty, but you hurry me on to a Crime with a  
Vengeance.

*Mort.* Do you make Scruples, let me but hear  
Another Sillable that contradicts what I've decreed, and thou art lost  
for ever—I will devest thee of thy Pageant-Greatness, expose thee as a  
Sacrifice to'th Rabble, and how they'll use thee thy Conscience best can  
tell.

*Chan.* The Devill's in him, I must submit, I have run my self like  
Theeves, so far into ill company, that now I would reform, my associ-  
ates won't let me ; my Lord I beseech you be not angry : I did this on-  
ly to sound the depth of your Lordships intentions, and since you are  
resolv'd, he shall be dispatch'd—I have light on the rarest fellow, one  
that will go through-stich in the Law, he must be a Judge.

*Mort.* Who is it ?

*Chan.* Why Serjeant *Either-side*.

*Mort.* That's a dull wretch ;

*Chan.* Ne're the worfe for a Judge, they sleep half their Lives out—  
but he has a vast assurance and tho' he cannot speak much to the pur-  
pose he has rare lungs, and will let no man be heard but himself.

*Mort.* Well, work him, and make him what you will :

*Chan.* I was born to serve your honour, I will retrieve your favour, tho' it be by turning executioner my self, and for this fellow he'll prove the miracle of the Bench as to your use, and will truss up your enemies with as little regret as a Farmer does the Moles which molest his Ground—it shall be done my Lord. [Exit

*Mort.* This fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Camelion* change not faster.

*Enter Turrington and Nevill.*

How now, your business :

*Turr.* 'Tis of Importance, stand upon your guard,  
For *Berkly*, *Salisbury*, and many others  
Who not long since were banish'd from the Court,  
Are now with *Edward* close Lock'd up with him.

*Mort.* Ha !

*Nev.* By heav'ns 'tis true, we saw 'em enter :  
We would have follow'd 'em, but were deny'd,  
Nay order'd to retire—and the out-Courts  
Are fill'd with rough-hew'd slaves who guard the Lords.

*Mort.* Withdraw to my Apartment, I'll come presently ;  
How's this, so Cunning Boy, Damnation : [Ex. Tur. Nev.]

*Salisbury*, *Berkly* and *Exeter*, I warrant too are there :  
Are ye upon the Catch my Politicians ?  
That *Exeter*'s the Devill for a Statesman, and  
Must be the Guide o'th Councill too or nothing :  
The subtle Fiend has Left and sought more parties  
Then all the Cabinet Pack shuffled together :  
He was for us but faulter'd when he found  
My Interest Greater in the Queen then his ;  
He had rather be the foreman of a Jury  
Then second in the Councill of four hundred :  
Why *Salisbury* and he were ever foes,  
Constantly Jealous of each others greatness,  
And tho' they both have liked each others measures,  
Still Contradiction was their practic'd spight.  
But in this Cause 'tis probable they'll Joyn,  
And to secure it give their spleen Cession :  
What's to be thought on ?

*Enter*



*Enter Queen.*

*Queen.* What always musing, ever melancholly,  
Beware of the infection, none so wretched  
As those whom Jealousy and Doubts possess:

*Mort.* But Madam, mine's a subject calls for thought,  
No vain Chymæra but a just occasion,  
*Nevill* and *Turrington* have brought advice,  
And I am sorry I must tell it you;  
Those saucy Peers who villified your Crown  
Not sparing Censure of your private Actions,  
Are giving vile instructions to your Son;  
Learning the Plyant Youth how he may shake  
The fetters of Obedience off betimes,  
While eagerly he listens to the Charm,  
And smiles to hear himself saluted King.

*Queen.* Is't possible?

*Mort.* Be you the Judge, for you it most concerns,  
Since *Delamore* has whistled to this Sterlin,  
All his Apartments have been closely kept,  
New waiters plac'd, those you put in discharg'd;  
Lest they might do their duty and inform,  
Tell me (my Royall Mistress) can you bear  
The hand of Limitation, or Controle,  
Can you with ease resign the Glorious Throne  
Into the hands of *Salisbury* and *Leicester*?

*Queen.* Distraction's in the Thought —

*Mort.* Can she Obey who allways did Command?  
Can she Retire who ever liv'd in splendour?  
Nay thought the world too scanty for her Greatness,  
Accept a Private Pension, small attendance,  
And live by him whose Soul from hers took being,  
Whilst I must to their long-grown malice bow,  
Which their believing Life must be a plague,  
Will give it me on Scandalous Conditions;  
Nay blush not Madam, this must all be done,  
And more when these be *Edwards* Governours:

*Queen.* That ne're shall be, and *Isabella* Living:  
Be thou as once when *Spencer Gaveston*  
The minions of my husband did attempt,

To Curb my Will, and I defy 'em all,  
 No *March*, If I for Love could give him death,  
 Think'st thou this Feeble spawn his slender offspring  
 (Bred when I wish'd a Barrenness upon me  
 So Irksome and insipid was the Pleasure)  
 That he shall baulk the measures of my Soul.

*Mort.* She fires :

*Queen* Can the froward Chitt believe because my Son  
 I'de still him with a play-thing call'd my Crown,  
 And live my self on Curtesy of state :  
 The Fragments of the Grandure I had left  
 Perish ten Sons e're such a fit possess me.

*Mort.* There spoke a Queen ; this is true Majesty,  
 Appear and like the Planet of the day,  
 Disperse these sullen Fogs which Cloud your Lustre,  
 Since *Delamore* and *Holland*, *Exeter*, and the rest  
 Have Soar'd like *Icarus* beyond their bounds,  
 Their waxen wings shall melt in thy Bright beams,  
 Finding i'th floods reward for their Ambition.

*Queen.* They fall my *Mortimer*, they sink for ever,  
 I'll visit streight these close Conspirators,  
 Who think themselves so hush'd in their designs ;  
 As for this Rebell-Son he's a disease,  
 And I will purge the venome from my blood,  
 As if a Leprosy had compas'd me ;  
 I will have no Competitors in Power,  
 If in the Fathers time I rul'd alone,  
 I'll never yield that honour to the Son :  
 Hard shall he tugg if he will have the sway,  
 And if at last 'tis forc't and Rack't away,  
 As I shall scorn the Conquest to out-live,  
 This shall a Period to his Triumph give.

[*Shews a Dagger*]

[*Exit Queen.*]

## SCENE *The Chancellours House.*

*Enter Serj. Either side and his Neice Maria, be pulling her in.*

*Serj.* Come, come in, come in you baggage, you run-away Thief ;  
 'Tis well I met you, I would not have had you gone home for 5000l.  
 gads my life I had been Unjudg'd before my Taylor had finish'd my  
 Robes,



Robes, I should not have had the Satisfaction of seeing how scarlet becomes me, and your Aunt would have turn'd you out of doors.

*Mari.* Why would you leave me then alone with him?

*Ser.* Chamber-practice like that of Confession admits of no ears, but the Parties concern'd—therefore be rul'd, I have not seen my wife since, but had you gone home as I said, and she had known the occasion, and my preferment had fall'n upon't, she had turn'd you out to have got a Livelyhood by the same means you shun'd, which would not have turn'd to so good account.

*Mar.* But Sir, he would have forc'd me—

*Ser.* To have pleas'd your self, come, come, no more words, away with your buts, your ifs, and your yets, and joyu Issue immediately, or you'r non-suited; must I be forc'd to use my Authority? do not provoke me, lest you sink under the weight of a Judges Displeasure, we are dreadfull fellows in Power, therefore have a care.

*Mar.* This new honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle: In my conscience rather then be degraded he would stand himself by this Devill of a Chancellor till he perform'd the deed of Darkness;

Pray Sir let me go home:

*Ser.* If you will go to the place from whence you came, you shall thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be hang'd till you're half-dead, and then be cut into four Quarters, and your bowells burnt for high swinging High-treason in rebelling against the Sovereign Authority of my unspotted Ermin.

*Mar.* This Crime will make it foul:

Black as hells Practice or the trade of perjury:

What to do I know not; if I refuse I loose his favour, and that's my bread; if I comply, then farewell Reputation, let me be never so innocent the living with this Goat is sufficient Scandall to any honest Person.

*Serj.* What again at a stand? why you perplex the Cause worse then an Evidence that's deaf and dumb, and is only to be under stood by signs—Go to, and know your duty, for I expect an obedience as if I were your father, you'r my adopted Child, and are bound to submit to my Commands; if the Ancient Measures of Divine and humane Laws are of any Force, and if they are not, I'll make new ones on this Occasion.

*Mar.* Command my Life and I will freely give it: But this is such a task I cannot think upon't, but horror seizes me.

*Serj.* Whence comes these fits in the Devils name, they're not of the Mother i'm sure, she would have swallow'd such an offer and have made

no bones on't.

*Mar.* Dispose of me any ways but this, tho' it be to my Death I'll thank you for it, but to give my self up to the Lewd Embraces of a person I mortally hate is far more terrible, and I had rather starve then gain a fortune on such base conditions.

*Serj.* Conditions — why thou perverse chit of a wanton Generation, how camest thou thus bastardiz'd? huswife, huswife, if you won't Lye with him you will with somebody you like better, and I'll make you accept of my choice, or turn you out of doors with your Load of vertue instead of a Portion, and see how the starving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your flesh.

*Mar.* What shall I do? what Courses shall I steer?

*Serj.* Those which tend to the making you rich and happy.

*Mar.* I shall be ruin'd:

*Serj.* You shall be made,

*Mar.* A Whore:

*Serj.* Why you peremptory Carrion who thrives that are otherwise? is there any pleasure like that of a long Mace and a Purse, when you have the Broad-Seal for your Vindication? he's a wise man and will be careful of your honour, in regard of his own, and to my knowledge 'tis safer Trusting your virtue in his hands, then money in a Bankers — true, he is a little waggish or so; alas child that's nothing, Learned men are of opinion, that warming the blood by being now and then Facetious is very conducing to health, possibly he follows the Maxim: [*aside* Gads, my Life, he's here now Neice, if you have any respect for your self and me, play the part of an understanding Woman, and make use of the time: I'll step aside and watch your behaviour, have a care. [*Exit.*

*Enter Chancellor reading.*

*Mar.* He's gone and left me:

What shall I choose to save my honour?

There is no scaping, hea'ven Inspire me best:

*Chan.* I am strangely discompos'd, I shall hardly be settled these two hours, what a damnable fright has this termagant Lord put me in; he's as fauncy with me now he has got me in his net as a servant-maid to her Master when she has lain with him: A Disappointment on both sides with a vengeance, had I but enjoy'd the little rogue, I should not have matter'd, but not only miss the opportunity but also loose the Person; I must send for the Pimp her Uncle, a Pox of these papers: [*flings 'em down* would they were burning in the Guts of him that drew 'em — I was too



too hasty, I was too Rash; we old men are so seldom visited with the effects of Love; we make too much of the Guest, because we know it's short. Ha! What do I see? [Discovers Maria.]

*Mar.* I am discover'd, now fortune stand my friend—Disimulation help me, and all the Cunning of my Sex attend me.

*Chan.* What my little wandring Jew, are you here? you had like to have made fine work, 'tis well you came back as you did, you had lost a lover else; my heart was just breaking, I was sending in haste for a Master in Chancery to make my Will—I design'd to have given all I had in the World to a certain Person that shall be nameless, but one so very like thee, that a man might safely swear you were twins.

*Mar.* I should be sorry if I should any way discompose your Lordship in my leaving you so Abruptly, for which I beg your Pardon:

*Chan.* Sayst thou so? 'gad child, and I am very good-natur'd and heartily forgive thee, but you shall give bond to perform Covenant for the future, you shall: [kisses her]

What a notable twang she has—I protest my dainty peice of Marmalete, I have a strange Inclination for thee, and I cannot but think thou hast of the quality of the Loadstone about thee; turn thee which way thou wilt I have such a grudging after thee Sympathy, I'faith, meer Sympathy; thou art my Compass, and whilst thou art in being, the needle will be always pointing to the North, and I shall never be well but in thy Arms.

*Mar.* It can be only your opinion Sir, I know no quality I am endow'd with unless your favour.

*Chan.* You cogg, you cogg, what? not know where your Magick Circle lyes, no Quality; why thou hast beauty enough to meritt an Empire: I am thy vassall, I who command this Nation am Comanded by thee: Come hither and answer me a question, wilt thou my Damsell? ha!

*Mar.* To any thing as may become your Servant.

*Chan.* Good, very good, dost thou love me child? answer me quickly, I am under an Agony of suspition, and must be resolv'd, or I'm a dead man.

*Mar.* My ready Services shall always demonstrate the high respect I have for you.

*Chan.* Respect, Twist a Whip, tell not me of respect, I hate the expression, 'tis like giving the Cheek instead of the Lip upon a Salute—torture me not with Delay, but give me a cordiall of thy kindness or I sink, I perish, I'm no man:

*Mar.* My Lord, indeed I honour you, indeed respect you, and I have often heard it said, respects the younger brother sure to love:

*Chan.*

*Chan.* I desire none of his company, if the elder be present come near me, I must look on my Care, my Jewell, how those eyes sparkle, why they out-lustre this; let me see, place it before those white little Panting, pouting, swelling throbbing, heaving— ah Rogue!

[ *Puts a Jewell on her Bosome.*

*Mar.* My Lord, you throw your favours so very fast upon me, I sink under the Consideration of my Gratitude.

*Chan.* A good childe, a very good childe, why they're trifles to what I design thee, thou shalt be cover'd all over with Gold and Jewells; such things I have bespoke for thee, thou shalt out-shine an *Indian Queen*: say, can'st thou love me? speak, my honey-suckle, and make me happy and thy self Illustrious, speak my blossome of a Colly-flower, my cherry-colour'd-bean with a black eye.

*Mar.* However furious my Gallants Inclinations are, I finde my beauty awes him, I am Master of his heart, and may be of all he has ( oh *Mountacute* should thou do thus I fear my Chastity ) however I'll seemingly comply, but nothing more.

*Chan.* What, another eye shot, come out with it Lamb, never mince the matter, my doom, my doom.

} *She looks languishingly on him  
and puts her fan to her  
face.*

*Mar.* Good Sir, spare the trouble, and let my blushes speak my heart.

*Chan.* What! must I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge e're she will give her opinion: here, here's Gold for thee—nay, nay, take it— she has nick't me 'faith, my way exactly, the method I use to follow to a tittle: my Sentence—

*Mar.* I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my ailing; since I have seen you Sir, my heart doth throb and beat as if it 'twould have liberty.

*Chan.* Caught by St. *Winifred*: she's in.

*Mar.* And when you speak of Love your words peirce through me, I finde a pleasing shivering seize on me, yet covet still to hear you, and when you catch me in your arms, I am like one half waking from a sleep; I know not how to term it, a pleasant fleeting transport comes upon me, my eyes are doz'd and I grow giddy with the unusuall joy.

*Chan.* In Love, the Experience of 30 could not have demonstrated better: come childe, I will repay it with double interest, I have a thousand fine Curiosities within my closet which thou shalt be Lady of Immediately.

*Mar.* Oh Heav'ns! what have I done? I have fool'd my self into the Snare.

*Enter*



*Enter Serjeant Either-side.*

Blessed deliverance my Uncle,

*Ser.* My most Illustrious prop of preferment:

*Chan.* A Plague of this Rascally Serjeant, I perceive the fellow has forgot all manners since I have made him a Judge, but I'll send him packing—oh! brother Judge, you are Wellcome, never more wellcome, rare news, rare news; The *Queen* and the Earl of *March* have by me put an opportunity into your hands of being suddainly a great man.

*Serj.* How does her Majesty think upon her lowest of her Subjects, I shall never be able to repay the Goodness: can I serve her my Lord?

*Chan.* Why no body else, she has tryed the Judges already, and they are wrestly like so many tyred horses, they will not budge a Jot.

*Serj.* What is it my Lord, what is it?—how does your Lordship like my Neice? is she courteous?

*Chan.* Charmingly, charmingly—but to our business: there are a Parcell of froward persons that stand upon their Priviledges because they're Peers, and between you and me brother, are very unmannerly, both to the Queen and the Earle: now they were order'd to be prosecuted, and the Knaves in Scarlet refus'd, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

*Serj.* How! above their Cognizance, who are they? let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not case 'em up, uncase me,—but what will become of me if a Parliament should be Summon'd?

*Chan.* O fear it not, the Queen will never call a Parliament, lest they might question her as well as you, therefore be stanch.

*Serj.* Twill a whip as your Lordship says, I'll go through-stich.

*Chan.* There's that Prating fellow *Mountacute*, and [Whispers.

*Mar.* Ha! what said he? oh how my fears comes thick on me:

*Chan.* But I'll tell you as I go here; my Charge, take these Keys, they'll open the doors of my Cabinets; there, there, feast thy eyes, and take what thou wilt, I'll but speak a word with thy Uncle, and come and settle some Jewells and precious Stones upon thee.

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* My Lord the Earl of *March* desires your speedy Presence at his Apartment.

*Chan.* The Devill boyl him, again, what shall I do?

*Serj.* My Lord, I find you are uneasy at your being so open to business, nor indeed can you be private here as Love requires—what thinks your Lordship of my house? there you may be secure.

*Chan.* A Pimp of a thousand; you say worthyly, nothing better, go, get you in, and take what you finde on the Squab under the window, and

go home to your Uncles, where I'll come and sup, as soon as I've Dispatch'd this business, I must talk with you as I go, nay, a Kiss, a kiss at parting: I'm in Paradise: Come, come along brother, or I shall, oh! — come along, come: [Ex. Chan. and Ser]

[Ser.] They're gone, and left me wretched, the darling of my soul, my virgin Love, my Dear-priz'd *Mountacute* they have in chase, eager as blood-hounds when upon full scent: could I but Interpose 'twixt him and fate, I should be bless'd in Dying, pitty'd by him: ha! what paper's this, [takes 'em off the Ground.] my Curiosity was never sawcy yet, Love makes it now: Good heaven, what have I found, the very Scrole of Death. Directions in what manner to proceed 'gainst *Mountacute* and others—be but Propitious Starrs, and I will make this Instrument of Villany the Guide by which I'll steer this almost sinking bark through all the Rocks which threaten his Destruction, 'twill bring me to his sight—bless'd accident.

And tho' my fortunes can't expect his Love,  
My Generous care of him he must approve.

[Ex.]

*End of the 3d. Act.*

## A C T IV. SCENE I. *Mountacute's House.*

*Enter Mountacute and Holland.*

*Mount.* ALL things move forward with a Prosperous Breeze  
And we shall reach the Harbour of Success  
Sooner then we believ'd, 'tis now in view,  
Heav'n seems as if it took Peculiar Care,  
Promising safety to the Royall Cause,  
Inspires the King who steers the mighty Bark,  
Keeping him steady in his Resolution:  
This night but over we have gain'd the Bay,  
Safely we Ride Contemning future Storms.

*Sr. Rob. Holl.* 'Tis Wonderfull indeed, it shews the hand  
Of Providence is with us, never Prince  
Was Grac'd with so much Knowledge as young *Edward*;  
Considering his years 'tis wonderfull,

He



He weighs with all the Gravity and thought  
Of an Experienc'd Statesman what's propos'd ;  
Still as he speaks, the Accent of each Word  
Keeps proper time, and points to his Revenge.

*Lo. Mount* Ay ! there it Centers, nothing is more sweet,  
It is the Choicest Dainty of the Gods,  
With which they feast themselves on Solemn days ;  
And 'tis but Just their Representative  
Sould Diet on the same when injur'd with 'em.  
He Credits now the Baseness of his Mother  
Her Rank familiarity with *March* :  
Oh Murder'd *Edward* — Doubly Massacr'd,  
Whose Honour suffer'd with thy Innocence,  
While thy Adulterers thrive i'th Eye of Heav'n  
They magnify their mischiefs by Success  
And Cuckold every hour thy memory.

*Sr. Rob. Holl* Tax not the Powers above lest we'r forsaken,  
They often suffer what they do not like :  
Their Vengeance makes us think why we are punish'd,  
Such visitations whets our Penitence :  
Creates reflections on the inward Cause,  
For Conscience is the mirror of our Souls,  
Which represents the Errors of our Lives  
In their full shape.

*Lo. Mount*. But tell me friend, what message is return'd  
From *Exeter* and *Berkly*, will they come,  
Or choose they rather tamely to be nooz'd ?

*Sr. Ro. Holl*. Be not too rash for they are men of Worth,  
Do not believe because they left the Court,  
Retreating to their Quiet Rural Seats  
Where they might gorge the Vulture of their minds ;  
They are cold or stupid when their honour calls ;  
*No Mountacute*, believe me they have heard  
That in the Roll of Fame there yet remains  
One Chance, one Glorious Lot that's worthy hazzard  
Whereby the Kingdoms fate may be retriev'd,  
Rouz'd with the Summons they have wing'd their hast,  
Vying who shall become the second *Christs*.

*Mount* Why so 'twas with *Salisbury* when first  
I told the Glorious Action now in hand,  
He like some Lyon almost stiff with ease,

Lolling at length within his Antick Cave,  
 Takes the Alarum of the Huntsmans found,  
 At which he stretches out his well-grown Limbs,  
 Bristles his horrid Main and furls his Tail,  
 Whetting his Crooked Talons on the Rock,  
 Stalks to the Field, and swells to meet the Foe.

*Sr. Rob. Holl.* They meet this Night at Council, where they'l finde  
 Matter prepar'd sufficient to inspire 'em.

*Mount.* All joyn the Nobles, Gentry and the Commons,  
 The Chain is Rivetted, the wrefsy People  
 Whose Rights and Priviledges are usurp'd  
 No longer free, but all in Vassalage  
 Are ripe for Mischief, ready for Rebellion;  
 They wait from us the Signal when to Dole  
 The Act of Justice; wou'd the cry were up  
 That I might see these Manglers of the Realm  
 Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beasts.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord a Gentlewoman waits to speak with you.

*Sr. Rob. Holl.* I'll take my leave, at six we meet again.

[Exit,

*Mount.* I shall not fail—Conduct her in.

*Enter Maria.*

Your bus'ness fair one;

*Mar.* When I shall tell the Subject of my errand,  
 Possibly it may deserve attention;  
 But I must request your Privacy.

*Mount.* You are obey'd, by Heav'n a charming Creature;  
 Now, speak your pleasure, Madam;

{ *Mount. now's  
 to the Servant,  
 who exits.*

*Mar.* I come, my Lord, a Supplyant from a Maid,  
 Who for some years has ey'd your noble worth,  
 And tho' her Birth, nor Fortune can pretend,  
 To merit that return she long has sigh'd for,  
 Yet so her Partiall Destiny has order'd,  
 She still admires your Person and your Virtues.

*Mount.* Well, my fair suitress, whither does this tend?  
 Lovely deportment, and Inticing Innocence.

[aside,

*Mar.* With silence hitherto she has conceal'd  
 The saucy flame oft strove to stifle it  
 While in its Infant-Growth; but 'twas in vain,  
 For dayly it encreas'd to such a strength,  
 As did o're-power the weakness of her Sex;

Maintain'd



Maintain'd the Conquest spite of Resolution;  
 Yet rather then her folly should be known,  
 She let it Prey upon the Vital Parts,  
 Hoping at last 'twould end the uneasy days,  
 And her Ambitious Love dye unreveal'd.

*Mount.* That was unkindly done, she could not doubt success  
 When she had one so fair to plead her Cause.

*Mar.* The disproportion is so vast between ye,  
 That she must still despair and still Love on:  
 Fortune has plac'd her where you most abhor  
 Diseases, Infamy, or Death it self:  
 You would not shun with more precipit haste  
 If I should name the Person, yet even there  
 'Midst of the Toyle and Anguish of her life,  
 A happy moment did present it self:  
 To make her be the lucky Messenger  
 Of health to you, tho' she must linger ever.

*Mount.* I'll spare the trouble of your Blushes, Lady,  
 For I've a Soul so tender of the Sex,  
 (Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love)  
 As shall prevent the torture of Confession, *{ he takes her by the hand;*  
 And do you Justice. *{ she pulls it from him.*

*Mar.* You wrong your Judgment, and you censure ill,  
 I came not hither, Sir, on that Account,  
 No loose desires the Product of ill bloud  
 Can blast the Reputation of my Life;  
 My Honour guards me from that Infamy;  
 But I am hurried hither by my Fate,  
 And bring a secret of that great Importance,  
 The service possibly may meritt pity;  
 Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.

*Mount.* I do believe it, and accept the offer;  
 Come, wave this womans method to allure us,  
 You're safe and secret here, none can disturb us;  
 And I will give you such returns of Love,  
 Such hearty Proofs thou shalt be soon convinc'd:  
 'Tho' it be Infant-born it Rivalls thine.

*Mar.* Away, How have I err'd? Are all Men thus?  
 Thus full of Guilt, my senses do recover,  
 And I begin to loath the Tempters charms:  
 Reade that

*[gives a Paper.]*

For I must leave you, — oh my heart!  
 If thou would'st be my friend, bear faster on,  
 And force thy Passage through these feeble walls.

*Mount.* Yet stay — — What have I here Proscrib'd?  
 By all that's Sacred, Peremptory Orders  
 For my Destruction; *March's* hand is to't:  
 How came she by this? now I recollect,  
 She told me that her fate had fixt her where  
 I should detect the naming, if I knew it.  
 It must be so, well my Deliverer  
 I thank you — by my honour I'm sincere,  
 This Scrole which thou hast given speaks thy kindness,  
 And says, thou art all Goodness, tho' the Place  
 Of thy abode be with the worst of Men;  
 Nay, tho' it were the Chancellor himself;  
 Nor will I lag in making a return,  
 Tho' at the present I am lost in thought.

*Offers a Purse of Gold.  
 She puts it back.*

*Mar.* I am rewarded Sir, and have my end,  
 If you apply this Caution  
 To the right use, you may escape the snare,  
 But if you slight it, then I know the worst;  
 And tho' I am no suitable Companion  
 In Life, yet in the Grave, we undistinguish'd  
 May mingle ashes, tho' our souls are distant.

*Mount.* You must not leave me, I have much to say;  
 The Injury I have done you by suspicion,  
 When my rude thoughts led me into an error,  
 I must atone.

*Mar.* Fye, 'tis too gross!  
 This Language does not suit my humble Character,  
 Nor is it Noble to despise my sufferings.

*Mount.* By all my hopes of Credit I am reall,  
 There's something from my eyes have shot my Soul,  
 And I could gaze for ever on such Goodness;  
 Thy Tempers worthy, if thy Birth be not,  
 Distinction never had a Power o're Love;  
 Cause Nature plac'd me in the Womb of Honour.  
 She has adorn'd thy humbler Clay with Graces,  
 Which seldom go with Greatness or with Wealth;  
 And 'tis but common Justice I repay,  
 A Love where love has merited so far:

*Mar,*



*Mar.* It cannot be:

Your Dignity and Honour intervene  
Which bar the Banes for ever.

*Mount.* What, will not Gratitude with Love conjoyn'd  
Remove? tell me no more of Honour, Dignity;  
When charms like thine appear all must give place.

*Mar.* My Lord, I had a Father and a noble one,  
Whose memory yet lives tho' he is dead  
Men spoke him Brave if Loyalty can plead In his behalf:  
'Twas Collonell Stapleton:

The unhappy Brother of the Bishop of Exeter,  
Who by the Cittizens was put to death  
For favouring the Cause of *Carnarvan, Edward.*

But oh, when Royall *Edmond*  
The Uncle and the Guardian of the King  
Was taken off, under pretence of Treason,  
Mine suffer'd with him, what he had of Honours  
Or of Estate the Law has since made forfeit,  
And mean Orphan, given into the hands  
Of a time-serving Family.

Alas! I blame my self, Condemn my madness,  
My ill-match'd passion, and I'll strive  
To curb it's Power. I only Crave your Pitty,  
Nor dare I hope for more, and yet I swear,  
Your Flattery, tho' known, is gratefull to me.

*Mount.* Thou charm'st me still, why Loyalty's a Jem  
Fit for a Princes Crown,  
I knew thy Father, a Gallant and a worthy man he was,  
His suffering was remarkable and noble,  
And thou art Richer  
Sprung from that, then had a Traytor  
Bless'd with millions got the e:  
Thou dost encrease the fire within my Breast,  
Powring in Oyl instead of Quenching it,  
Let me upon this Bosome print my vows,  
And swear my self thy Beautys Votary.

*Mar.* I know not where I am, the thrilling Joy  
Creeps through each part and extacies my Soul:  
If this be true, what Queen is half so happy?

*Mount.* Give not Distrust to the Reins because you finde  
The Change is suddain, The effects are true:

By Heav'n I have more Pleasure in this Chance,  
Then e're I tasted since I first view'd Light.

*Mar.* I know not what to say my joy's so great,  
My senses are Confus'd, all Crow'd to meet you,  
The wellcome Guest for whom so much they wish'd,  
But little thought it was so near at hand.

*Mount.* Believe me, oh thou Star whose Influence  
Has made me happy, that my vows are true :  
I'll to the King, Acquaint him with thy goodness,  
His safety is procur'd by this Precaution,  
And sure he'll recompence thy Loyalty ;  
With his Consent we will for ever joyn :  
Thy Virtues will in future Ages shine,  
While untir'd Fame her matchless worth shall sing,  
Who sav'd her Country, Lover, and her King.

[ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E I I.

*Enter Mortimer and Chancellour.*

*Chan.* To Night will it be done ?

*Mort.* This Night ; The Queen's gone to her Son,  
Who is in Council with these Men we've mention'd ;  
At Dead of Night the Guards shall seize 'em,  
And when they once are Pris'ners, see you take care  
That nothing frees 'em but an Ax or Gibbet.

*Chan.* But pray, what Evidence has your Lordship against 'em ?

*Mort.* Dull Wretch, have I against 'em ?  
Law and Religion sure are useless grown,  
When Priests want Vouchers, or a Judge Informer,  
Think of the management in *Edmonds* Tryal,  
And give these Lords his Fate.

*Chan.* Well, well, my Lord, their bus'ness shall be done.

*Mort.* Or they'll do ours, I know their Subtleties,  
They're silent setters all, and close,  
Not apt to quest and give their quarry notice :  
'Tis then the Net draws certain to destruction.

*Chan.* But, my Lord, Judge *Either* side must be the Man,  
And you must make him Chief-Justice to go through it.

*Mort.* Could'tt not thou do't ?

*Chan.*



*Chan.* I, why I'me a Priest, besides Lord Chancellor, and Equity never us'd in Cases of Life and Death.

*Mort.* Well, loose no time, but instantly prepare for't.

*Chan.* Fear not my Diligence in dispatching an enemy, But 'twould do well to get the Queen to pass an order under the Broad-Seal for the speedy removing 'em to *London*, and let her Son be kept here till they're dispatch'd.

*Mort.* It shall be done, is there ought else ?

*Chan.* That's all, and I'll send up my Creatures before-hand to purchase a Jury for 'em: As for Evidence, there are Poor Rogues in abundance, and the larger the Bribe: the stronger the Oath; *Adieu*, my Lord, I'll give you an account how my Emissarys fadge

[*Exit.*]

*Mort.* This is a true Compound of Justice and Piety,  
For one's guided by Interest, and the other by Ambition:  
This fellow hopes to be the head o'th Church,  
As much as I hope to be King of *England*,  
And whilst he serves my Ends, Perseverment's his:  
A Crown, oh the Delightfull sound!  
If *Isabella* Thou wouldst keep me thine,  
Thy Son must wait upon thy sleeping Husband:  
She's fond and Languishes; why should I doubt?  
Oh Love, thy Power has Compass'd wonderous things,  
Drove out, Restor'd, Destroy'd, and set up Kings.

[*Exit.*]

### S C E N E. I I I.

*Discovers the King, Leicester, Mountacute, Berkly, Sir Tho. Delamore, Holland, and Exeter, as at Council.*

*King.* **W**Hat will ye further? This Scrole of *Mountacutes*, Fully expresses the dire Fiends designs:

*Sals.* Time must suit the Rest—

Nor may we trifle Dangerous Distempers,  
If they not meet a suddain opposition,  
O'repower the applycation when too late,  
Rending Art useless:

G

*Exit.*

*Exe.* 'Tis thoroughly advis'd, pursue it Sir.

*Sir Tho Dell.* Your Father whom we oft admonish'd,  
Nay told him plainly what hath since ensu'd,  
Laught at our Cautions; Sir, you must be carefull,  
Or all is lost beyond recovery.

*Exe.* If you Persist in what you seem to like,  
Safety and Glory you will finde attend it;  
But if your Mother change you, farewell Power:  
Let *Mortimer* the place of *Edward* fill,  
We are content to fall if you are so.

*King.* I will observe Directions, weigh each word,  
Not vary from a tittle; my safety  
Is with yours as yours with mine;  
Sure, never Prince was sav'd from greater hazzards:  
What must I call you, friends, that name's too poor,  
But yet a friend will venture wonderous things,  
When what he Loves is compass'd round with danger;  
Let me embrace ye all, and tell the world,  
No Prince can match the Councell I am blest'd with:

*Within.* I must acquaint the Prince ere I admit your Majesty.

*Queen.* Traytor:

*Enter a Waiter Driven in by the Queen.*

*King.* What means this noise?

*[They all rise, she walks round 'em  
comes to the front and speaks.]*

*Queen.* The Rumour then is true, I finde it now,  
But I much wonder ye Audacious men,  
That ye Assemble here without my leave;  
You who had fell and Justly for your crimes,  
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Lives,  
His mercy harden'd your Presumptious hearts,  
Or are ye past reproof?

*Sr Tho. Dell.* Madam, what we have done—

*Queen.* There is a better man to answer me  
Then *Delamore* thou Usher to these Schoolmen,  
Which in their absence sets my Son such lessons.

*Mount.* Then since your Majesty——

*Queen.* Boys I could never listen to,



Go Prattle with my Pages.

*Leice.* If I may speak—

*Queen.* Thou Dribblest on thy beard, Age is a Changeling,  
And Languishes for Hospitals: You Sirs, I speak  
To *Salisbury* and *Exeter*, who draw together  
In the Team of Politicks, Who sent for you?  
Be brief and answer Justly, as you love your Lives.

*Sals.* That we esteem our Lives is very plain,  
Our Care o'th' King's confirms it:  
It is by his Command we here are met,  
To Argue his Proposals, solve his Questions,  
And to the utmost of our thoughts and Duty  
Preserve the King in Grandeur, Peace, and Safety.

*Queen.* The King.

*Exe.* The King, your Majesty can be no stranger  
Being so near related.

*Queen.* Unheard of Insolence, Why who am I?

*Exe.* His Mother:

*Queen.* Traytor, there is another name and title due to me.

*Exe.* None that we know of.

*Queen.* Thou lyest, and I will stamp the falshood down thy Throat—  
Unthankfull Boy, how can'st thou suffer this, and hear thy Mother talk  
so to by Slaves?

*King.* Madam, your passion makes their duty stagger,  
You use 'em not like Noblemen but Pedants;  
Tho' Subjects, they have no dependance on us,  
And Majesty's adorn'd and serv'd by them,  
Much more then is at all times fit to own;  
'Tis true they are not safe, but under Kings,  
Nor Kings can't flourish but by such assistance.

*Queen.* Indeed Sir, are you grown a Disputant,  
And Jabber Politicks so Learnedly?  
Thou Tool, thou Instrument of self destruction,  
Dost think these State-worms mean thee further good  
Then what may serve to Introduce their own?  
I tell thee, Councillors are all alike,  
And Princes know no more then they think fitting;  
So whilst his Glory does not injure theirs,  
They are content, they may grow great together.

*Sals.* Madam, this Doctrine may be Prov'd elsewhere  
Where Powers unjustly us'd by sad Permission:

We have no Ends nor Aim but the Kings safety,  
 'Tis true so far our own depends upon't ;  
 The King's our Shepheard, born to protect his People,  
 And as the Lamb flies from the Wolf to him  
 That Guards the Flock, so we seek refuge here :  
 Life's all we hope for ; indeed Life's all in all ;  
 And 'tis so sweet that all are fond to save it.

*King.* Mother, in short, I am of Age to Govern,  
 And here assume the Right my Father left me :  
 These I have chose to be my Worthy Guides,  
 I have resolv'd this and will make it good.

*Queen.* Have I no place ? am I a Cipher grown ?  
 Will none afford a place for Dignity ?

*King.* Accept of mine :

*Queen.* No, this may serve your Mother,  
 I will sit here with this good mans allowance :  
 Come I'll be Govern'd too—Pray be my friends  
 As well as his for once.

[Sits down at the end of  
 the Table by Leic.

*Exc.* Nay Madam, this we must not suffer neither :

*Queen.* What am I left alone ? [They all retire from the Table  
 Am I infectious ? dare none sit near the Plague ?  
 Ungracious Boy is this thy filial Love ?  
 This the return for all the Pangs and Throws  
 I suffer'd at thy Birth ? this the reward  
 For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,  
 Which through thy sickly Infancy possessest me,  
 When many a weary night bereft of Rest,  
 I've slumber'd o're thy Cradle, and bemoan'd  
 My own hard fate ? now it proves so indeed :  
 I've nurs'd a Viper, given an Adder warmth ;  
 Which having grown to strength forgets its parent,  
 And Covets Preying on her Entrails ; oh ! monstrous Crime.

[Weeps

*King.* Nay Mother, mother——

*Exc.* Be not caught Sir, these tears like those of Syrens  
 Entice you but to Leap to sure Destruction.

*Queen.* Must he alone have credit ? am I nothing ?  
 Return e're 'tis too late, I do conjure thee,  
 By all the Comforts thou hast e're receiv'd,  
 By all thy Duty due, which heav'n Commands,  
 Attend my Prayers, and throw the Envenom'd Robe  
 Off from thy Person ere the Poison fix,



( 45 )

Or else thou art lost for ever :

*Sr. Tho. Del.* Oh Sir, be steady, or you ruine all :

*King.* I must retire or I shall melt to folly, Madam,  
I'm Indispos'd and must withdraw :

*Queen.* Come hither Child, and rest upon my bosome,  
I'll hush thy Cares and quiet thy Disturbers,  
As when I lull'd thee first :

*Exe.* Away Sir,

*Queen.* My Son,

*Sals.* Be Deaf Sir,

*Queen.* *Edward* my only *Edward* hear thy Mother :

*King.* Force me away if you regard my Glory.

*Mount.* That shan't be wanting :

[*They force him off*

*Queen.* My Child, my Comfort, darling,

[*Ex. all but Queen.*

Prop of my Life,

I shall grow mad, I finde the fury seize me ;

My Gall boyls up, and I am all on fire ,

Come then, revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,

And let me Gorge my Ravenous Appetite ;

Inspire me *Nemesis* thou subtlest fury,

Drive from my Soul the Weakness of my Sex,

And make me Masculine in my Attempts :

Some women have done Wonders in their Rage,

Why shou'd not I, for I have cause Prodigious ?

Nature for ever here I banish thee :

Remorse and Conscience, Pitty, all farewell,

Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

[*Exit.*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

---

## ACT V. SCENE I.

---

*Enter Mortimer.*

*Mor.* MY Fears are Past, the noble Treasons sign'd,  
And *Edward* I will mount into thy Throne ;  
By Heav'n she was so eager in her Vengeance,  
She never read the mischief she has Granted :  
Oh how she Rav'd ! Curling her Son and Peers,

G 3

*Resolving*

Resolving not to rest, till she had Revenge :  
 Now Chancellor be Staunch in this main Cause,  
 And thou shalt thrive for thy dear wickedness,  
 Who waits?

*Enter Turrington*

Wait on the Chancellor with this, and let it  
 Pass the Seal, with his utmost Speed :  
 I'll Instantly be with him too my self,  
 My Glories are in view, Fate be my Friend,  
 In their behalf some kind assistance lend,  
 'Twere hard my hopes should fail so near their end.

[*Ex. Turr.*]

*Enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Have you dispatch'd the Paper which I sign'd?

*Mort.* I have, and these couch'd Lyons who shrink their Claws  
 Till they may Grasp our Lives with firm security,  
 Fall in our Toyl this night :

I have Intelligence your Son has Summon'd  
 His Trusty Loyall Lords to Sup with him,  
 And when they're careless in their Luxury,  
 We'll bolt upon 'em with such sure Destruction,  
 Nor *Edward*, nor the World shall rescue 'em.

*Queen.* Sure when their busy Souls are sent abroad,  
 Their harmless bodies will let ours alone.

*Mort.* Hold but this noble Resolution, you are secure :  
 The Rebell Lords have printed and dispers'd,  
 A formall Proclamation in your Sons name,  
 In which he does Convene a Parliament,  
 To meet the following month at *Salisbury*,  
 There to debate on proper means and ways,  
 How to secure the Nations future peace ;

*Queen.* A Parliament, oh Insolence !  
 He shall be whipt to manners : foolish Boy :  
 His Learned Councell too shall be rewarded :  
 If Axes, Gibbets, Racks, severest Tortures,  
 Can be produc'd sufficient for their number.

*Mort.* Ay : now we're right, be firm and we'll be great,  
 Else we must fall a publick spectacle,  
 To every vulgar villainy :  
 For Princes like the Sun when in Eclipse :  
 Call up the eyes of many to behold 'em,  
 Who should have none in their full noon of Glory :

Shine



Shine out, and you will be too bright for  
The low Crowd to gaze at.

*Queen.* Thy pleasing Accent thrills into my breast,  
Not the parch'd Earth when the hot Dog-Star reigns,  
Sucks up refreshing showers,  
With half the eagerness as I thy well-tun'd speech :  
Oh hadst thou seen their Insolence my *March*,  
To thy soft Queen, thy tender *Isabella*,  
I'm sure thy Zeal had sent 'em from the world  
Tho' every heart thou hadst struck had been a Kings.

*Mort.* By all thy mercies and thy dearer favours,  
So much I am a slave to thy Desires,  
I should not spare a Saint that wrong'd my Love :  
Stars let me but enjoy this heav'n on earth,  
Keep yours above, for Creatures lesser bless'd.

*Isab.* Thou art the Utmost limits of my Wishes,  
And oh how dull would seem the Pomp of Crowns,  
If mightyer Love make not Ambition easy  
So near my Soul, so rooted in my heart,  
That were my Son and *Mortimer* Condemn'd,  
And I should have the choice of saving one,  
I know not where my Nature would plead stronger.

*Mort.* Most condescending Brightness how thou charm'st me,  
Why was not I a match for such a prize ?  
Oh Partiall heav'n, unjust distributor,  
That giv'st us Monarchs Souls so poorly cloath'd,  
Why hast thou made distinction in the blood,  
And none at all i'th mind ?

*Isab.* It is enough that we concur in Soul :  
I think thee worthy to partake my Love,  
And thou mayst think thy self a King in that.

*Mort.* Thus Bless'd then I am one, and envy none,  
And to remove all fears that Curb my Joys,  
I'll instantly dispatch thy Sons Instructors ;  
Then when our enemies to Love are hush'd  
We'll pay our thanks to Love in Love,  
Thou shalt the Alter of the offering be  
And I the Sacrifice which here shall dye.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chancellour and Maria.*

*Chan.* Ay my Charmer, these Cloaths become thee,  
Now thou look'st like what thou art ; but what thou  
Shalt be the Event must tell.

*Mort.*

*Mar.* I know what you design me, my Reverend Equity; but I think I shall be arm'd against it.

*Chan.* This night but over child, we'll Revell without Measure, no interrupting business shall torment us; the authors of that Plague shall be remov'd, and then my little armfull of comfort.

*Mar.* What then Sir.

*Chan.* Nay, wouldst thou have me tell thee, what then child, no, guess Love, guess, and tickle thy self with the thoughts on't; such things I will do for thee, thou shalt be the Darling of the Nation, all hands shall honour thee, and all eyes admire thee.

*Mar.* Shall I be this, Sir?

*Chan.* More child, more, whoever has ought to beg of *Tarleton*, shall come to thee; thou shalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt; have a greater Court then the Queen—and be more throng'd then a Country Church, when a Bishop preaches: In short I will set thee against the Prouddest Minx that's kept either by Lord Spirituall or Temporall.

*Mar.* But Sir—

*Chan.* Not a word more, I expect the Earl of *March* each minute, and when this night is over, all the rest of my nights and days shall be at thy Devotion; give thy Uncle this; 'tis a Commission to take the Lives of six Rank, Stubborn, Loyall Rogues, which when dispatch'd—

*Mar.* Are they your Lordships Enemies?

*Chan.* I know not what prejudice they have to my Person, but they're Enemies to my Interest, and that's a Statesmans Cause at all times: Their's *Mountacute*, and *Delamore*, *Holland*, and others: what faces the Knaves will make at the Gallows when they'r Bowells are burnt under their own noses? go Love, go, if thou stayst thou'lt set me so a-gog for thee; and I shall be baffled: as I always have been by this troublesome *March*.

*Mar.* *Mountacute's* Death, no Villain, no, His fate shall be revers'd if this can plead,  
And fall curst Chancellour on thy own head.

[ Exit.

*Chan.* 'Tis a sweet little Rogue, in what a comfortable manner shall I spend the latter part of my Life, my pieth grows cold for want of a bed-fellow: what tho' I am a Father of the Church; as to that point the world will say, I am debarr'd from the Sex; But then again, I am a Father of the Law, and I never read of a Judge or a Chancellour that was ever depriv'd, or suspended for satisfying the curiosity of Nature, and according to the Rules of Equity, ergo, I ought to have the same Priviledge as the best of the long Robe: In short, I will enjoy this Woman as I am Chancellour, and those days wherein I cannot behave my



my self to her as a Chancellor, I will dedicate to devotion and Sanctity.

*Enter Mortimer.*

My Lord of *March*, your Lordships most diligent and sincere humble Servant.

*Mort.* I'th sign'd ;

*Chan.* It is, and these wise Councillors shall rue they'r Politicks.

*Mort.* Where is it ?

*Chan.* I have dispatch'd it to Judge *Either side*, he'll make 'em smother, I warrant you.

*Mort.* Hell and the Devill ; did'st thou read it ?

*Chan.* No, for I concluded what it was.

*Mort.* Shame on thy negligence ; why 'twas an order for the Kings Confinement, his Mothers hand to make him a Close Prisoner.

*Chan.* There's no harm done, I warrant you, were it an Order for his head, this fellow would put it in Execution.

*Mort.* Send for it, he must not be concern'd in it,

*Chan.* I will, I will.

*Mort.* But hark you my Lord Chancellor ;  
Suppose, when we have lop'd these Branches off,  
The Trunk remains from whence will grow fresh mischiefs ;  
I find the Boy is fond of Sovereign Sway,  
Fond of the lofty sound of Majesty ;  
His Soul is tun'd to absolute Prerogative,  
And all his Confort Strike that pleasing air.

*Chan.* Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him out of this Evil, and I'll take care he falls into temptation no more.

*Mort.* Thou know'st him not,  
He has a weyward Soul, and Stubborn temper,  
The Pride and Spirit of the mother swells him,  
With all his Fathers positive revenge :  
He affects a mildness for the want of Power,  
But when he once has conquer'd his restraint  
We must expect to pay for these mens Lives.

*Chan.* Nay, 'tis good to be sure my Lord, that's certain, and if I thought his Reign would put an end to ours, Charity begins at home, and I beg the young Princes pardon, I would not tamely resign I tell him that.

*Mort.* This Parliament that's summon'd will be dangerous,  
The Commons hate the Nobles, envy Us,  
And if we finde not means to Curb these Measures,  
We shall too late repent our follies, *Parliament*,  
Our heads, our heads, must answer for our actions.

*H*

*Chan.*

*Chan.* Our heads ! I'll send him to his Father first.

*Mort.* Ay, there thou'rt right, what sayst thou to another  
*Edvardum, Occidere nollite timere bonum est.*

*Chan.* Say to't, why if he persists he must have it : I'll consider it my  
Lord, I'll weigh it maturely, and if it be requisite—

*Mort.* If it be requisite dull thing it is, he once remov'd, the Queen  
we Rule at Pleasure,

And *Mortimer* and *Tarleton* will have both  
[The power of Kings though not the Glorious Title.

*Chan.* Well, well, my Lord, these Knaves dispatch'd, we shall not  
boggle at a greater matter, I'll to the Judge and we'll consult the best.

A decay'd Statesman is a wretched thing,  
'Tis flattery and ill actions which prefers us  
And we have flatterers too which thrive by us ;  
For the same reason we do by our Prince,  
Power makes us Knaves we're honest out of Service,  
But when our Princes favours fall away,  
Nothing so despicable or so unregarded,  
Therefore 'tis Policy when once we're in,  
To finish by those Rules we did begin.

[Exit.

*Mort.* Nature which gav'st me Soul so long for Power,  
Accomplish what is promis'd by this night,  
And whilst my Creatures act this Murdering Scene,  
I'll Revell in the Arms of the fond Queen.  
A Crown thou Centre of Ambition, Lust,  
Thou'rt the reward o'th brave as well as Just,  
And let the Factions 'gainst my Title roar,  
I'll quickly quell Disputes when once I've Power.

[Exit.

*Scene* King Edward, Mountacute, Bishop of Salisbury,  
Delamore and Holland.

*King.* Was ever Treason so unnaturall ?  
A mothers hand to sign her Sons Destruction,  
Now I'm convinc'd who set my father going.

*Dela.* Fate Sir, has put your Life in your own hands,  
And shews by this discovery how 'tis priz'd,  
Neglect not such a blessing but improve it,  
Strike Early or you may repent your sloth.

*King.* Good heav'n ! how much I owe you for this safety,  
And the kind Instrument you chuse to work it ;

Oh



(51)

Oh *Mountacute* I stand so much indebted,  
I fear I want rewards to recompence,  
Yet I'll consider till I've tyred thoughts  
To gratify thy Love and Loyalty.

*Moun.* The Virgin who preserv'd you Sir, you owe it to,  
Make her amends, my Duty is my payment ;  
But Sir, resolve apace, each moment is Important.

*King.* I will, we'll force the Castle.

*Dela.* Hold Sir,  
When I was Governour I found a Place,  
Which now may be of admirable use,  
There is a Private, deep, but narrow Vault,  
Whose Disinall rough unshapen way,  
Was surely torn only with hands by a dark guess,  
For 'tis so strange no light could guide the making,  
'Twas work'd by Prisoners sure for Liberty,  
For in the lowest Dungeon it begins,  
And has a passage out just by the River,  
There we must enter, and when we have reach'd the Jail,  
The part o'th Pallace over it is *Mortimers*.

*King.* What follows?

*Dela.* I'th' Cæling is a place with rusty bolts,  
Which formerly no doubt was a trap-door,  
But for what use they best must know who made it,  
This we may force, and so surprize the Villain.

*Moun.* 'Tis a good Stratagem.

*King.* Let's Instantly about it.

*Holl.* I think 'twere better that your Majesty  
With some o'th' Lords, and me, secure the City,  
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore* with a good guard  
Pass this same Vault. [my Lord of Leicester with a party force the

*Dela.* 'Tis Prudently advis'd. [Guards of the Queens side,

*King.* Each to his Task then, *Mortimer* we come,  
This Night begins my Reign and Seals thy doom.

## SCENE The Queens Apartment.

*Enter Isabella and Mortimer.*

*Mort.* Thus soft and secure we taste the Joys of Love,  
Whilst buisy Politicians plot for Interest,

H 2

Whole

Whose akeing Brains Dances the Rounds of State,  
 And all to get the Title of a Knave :  
 The Soldier now lies hard for Gaudy honour,  
 Endures the raw rough blast of Winters Season,  
 With all the harsh necessities of Camps ;  
 And for the name of Gallantry and Great,  
 After a long escape Provokes his Fate :  
 But Love.

*Queen.* Ay, that my *Mortimer's* above 'em all,  
 Who envys honour that is rich in Love,  
 Mercy which is the Attribute of Heav'n,  
 The first Creator of it sure was Love,  
 And pitty is the Instinct of its passion.  
 Love makes the Vulgar proud, the Noble Gods,  
 The Gods themselves if Strangers to Love's Joys,  
 Their much admir'd *Elizium* is Imperfect.

*Mort.* Some Musick for my Charmer, let us indulge  
 And gratify our Souls Luxuriously :  
 Raptures unknown the harmony shall raise,  
 Our hearts shall beat the measures of the time,  
 And tender sighs eccho each artfull note,  
 Till our soft murmurs fall by soft degrees,  
 And dye like o're-charg'd Flutes with too much playing.

*Queen.* I cannot answer as I ought but thus. [ *Embraces.*

*A Song After the Song*

*Mountacute, Delamore, and Attendants come from under the Stage.*

*Mort.* Now let's to our Repose my softest Love,  
 This Night ends all our fears, and I have those  
 Whose hands before the Moon has gone her Race,  
 Will have our Enemies all in Possession :  
 Young smiling *Mountacute*, that hot-bred boy  
 With his old Councellor, close *Delamore* shall  
 Smart, my *Isabella*. [ *A Clashing of Swords.*  
 Ha! what means this noise my Guards: what ho—  
 Death, it grows louder, are they all engag'd?  
 Treason, Treason.

*Enter Turrington bloody.*

Why that dismall object?

*Tur.* Shift for your self, Sir, all's betray'd and lost.  
 The King and *Leicester* have cut off your Guards,

The



The City's at the Gates and shout him King.  
Burn *Mortimer*, fire the *Queen*—I can no more,  
But that I ever lov'd you, let this witness.

[ dies.

*Queen*. Oh Heav'ns! what shall we do?  
Here, my best life, there is a Vault  
That will convey thee.

*Moun.* We will convey him, Madam, to a place  
As safe as he design'd us!

*Mort*. Horror and Hell!

*Queen*. Oh spare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son.

*Moun.* Madam, you are deceiv'd, he is not come yet.

*Del*. Well, haughty E. of *March*, what think you now?

*Mort*. That I shall dye, thou'lt answer'd to thy mind.

*Queen*. O, ye malicious Powers!

*Moun*. Sir *Tho*. let's withdraw:

No doubt these Lovers have a leave to take,  
We will not separate 'em too abruptly;  
Call when you're ready, Sir, I shan't be out o'th way:  
You, Sirs, secure the Vault.

*Mort*. I scorn thy Insolence,  
And *Mountacute*, I'll fall so nobly

[*Ex. Moun. Dela.*

That thou shalt loose thy ends in my calm sufferance.

*Queen*. Oh *Mortimer*!

*Mort*. Oh *Isabella*!

*Queen*. I know not how to look or speak,  
For I have brought this on thee,  
My Love has tempted thee to taste Ambition,  
And thou hast follow'd me in all thy actions.

*Mort*. Thus the first pair their miseries surveigh'd,  
When from their blessed *Eden* they were driven;  
Their eyes seem'd to accuse 'em of the fact:  
But Love in each pittied the Crime in both:  
She tempted him to make him blest'd like her.  
And when he found her Ruine, urg'd his own:  
But oh much happier was their Punishment,  
Their both were curst, but they were curst together,  
And suffering both alike, neither were wretched.

*Queen*. I will not long out-live thee, for I cannot,  
Thou wert the prop on which my hopes did hang,  
Like curious Buildings wrought by wond'rous Art,  
Where the vast frame's supported by one Pinn,

But that struck out I shatter all to ruine.

*Mort.* No, live my Queen, thou may'st be happy long,  
'Tis only I must bleed, my blood's the cure,  
And 'tis Impossible it can be spar'd;  
But *Isabella* when thou shalt retire,  
For oh I fear too much they will confine thee,  
Think on thy *March*, and pardon his *Ambition*,  
For nothing but my fondness has betray'd thee,  
A vast excess of Love to make thee great,  
To set thee out o'th' reach of thy Sons Power,  
Lest he might slight thee as his Father did.

*Queen.* Oh angry heav'ns you've punish'd us severely,  
The prospect of our greatness has undone us;  
The Glitt'ring shew has drawn us out too far,  
And we're surpriz'd just as we thought to grasp it,  
Like Voyagers seduc'd by a fair Sea,  
A temperate Air, the Sky Serene and clear,  
Just as they have their wish'd for shore in view,  
By sudden Storms the tatter'd Bark is tofs'd,  
And all within the sight of Land are lost.

*Mort.* He comes, thy Son approaches;  
Farewell to all that's dear,  
I leave a certain Heav'n to go I know not where.

*Enter King, Mountacute, Delamore, Holland,  
Chancellor, and Serjeant.*

*King.* Seize the vile Traytor, hurry him down the dungeon,  
There let him groan till day, and then he dies.

*Queen.* Oh spare him, spare him, banish us together,  
But do not take his life, thy Mother pleads.

*King.* Thou Scandal of my blood—remove the Queen.

*Queen.* The Queen, am I not thy Mother?  
Oh hear me.

*King.* I'm deaf, away.

*Queen.* May heav'n forget thy Prayers when thou shalt plead,  
And may thy Mothers Curse hang on thy head. [Exit.]

*King.* Now Chancellor for thee.  
Thou shame of Church and Justice,  
What can'st thou say?

*Chan.*



*Chan.* Nothing but begg for Mercy ; for if your Majesty considers I have been but a Tool, and am not the first Statesman that has been Compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions.

*King.* No *Hereford*, my Fathers blood requires thine ;  
Away with him, unfurnish him of all those Robes,  
And give him such as fit his wickedness :  
The Nation must be satisfy'd, and thou must dye.  
Prepare for't, Prelate.

*Chan.* This 'tis to be too Eminent in State mischiefs,  
Others that wish'd as well to the Cause as I,  
Will scape for not acting so publickly

[Exit.]

*Serj.* Ay ! that Chancellor I'm afraid will not dye alone ; I am Dam-  
nably afraid his Grace to make up his Equipage must have a Chief-Ju-  
stice that we may Swing in Figure.

*Mountacute brings in Maria.*

*Mount.* Now Sir, I claim your promise,  
This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to,  
Her birth you've been acquainted with,  
And by what means she was compell'd to live with the Chancellor ;  
And sure 'twas Providence which plac'd her here for all our Benefits :  
I beg her for my Wife.

*King.* She's Yours, and to make her wellcome,  
I Invest her with all the Chancellor's Estate,  
And Viscount *Mountacute* be Earl of *Salsbury*.

*Mount.* Thus let us thank your Majesty

[Kneels]

*King.* Rise both ;

*Mari.* No Royall Sir, I have one boon to beg,  
That old mans Life my Uncle, tho' an ill one,  
Nor has he Acted ought what e're was purpos'd,  
And since my being has made me the Instrument,  
Of what's discover'd : I humbly would Entreat—

*King.* Thou shalt not plead in vain, he's safe, and if he can be ho-  
nest we may in time take Care of him.

*Serj.* I humbly thank your Majesty, and will study to deserve this  
Mercy ; I am not the first Knave that has turn'd honest man when he  
found his Roguery would do him no good.

*King.* My Lord of *Leicester*, *Delamere*, *Exeter* and  
*Holland*, and all shall share our favours :  
May you continue as you have begun,  
The Parliament's at hand : If they Encourage me

At

As I Expect ; they shall be satisfy'd how much I love 'em?

*Del.* Doubt not their Duty Sir.

*King.* To *Scotland* first I will an Army Lead,  
And Check the Growing *Micheifs* which are spread ;  
That done to *France* I will in Person go,  
The Flower D'Luce shall to the Lyon bow,  
If my kind Commoners are just and Free  
I'll loose my own or fix their Liberty  
Long have they suffer'd by their Foreign Foes ;  
And *Evill Kings* I fear has been the Cause,  
Heav'n Guide my Steps that our Records may tell,  
How *Edward* did the Insulting French Repell,  
How English-men with Glory did Return,  
Whilst Gallick Ruines did our Conquests Mourn.

### Errata.

Page 2. line 31. for who, read which. line 32. for which, read who.  
Page 12. line 13. for which, read who. line 17. which, read who. Page  
46. line 35. for Villany, read Villain. line 38 for should, read would. Page  
48. line 34. for Pieth, read Piety.

F I N I S.



REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION